

FUTURE FANTASY

STAR TROOPER'S
DEATH LOG

BEAUTIFUL SPACE HEROINES

SHOCK WAVES—
FUTURISTIC SOUNDS OF KISS,
TOOO RUNDGREN, PINK FLOYD

BOOK LENGTH FEATURE:

FEAR STALKERS HAVE CAPTURED
TERRESTRIA 146!

WHY THE SECRECY
SURROUNDING "CLOSE ENCOUNTERS
OF THE THIRDO KIND"?

ROBOT TAKEOVER

WILLIAM SHATNER,
SPIOER FIGHTER

STARTLING NEW ADVENTURES
OF CAPTAIN COSMOS
—SPACE ACTION COMICS

PLUS—
THE VERY BEST
IN SCI-FI ART



Great Wealth—Unlimited Love—Supreme Happiness—These Are
The Rewards Of Good Luck! So Here Is Your Chance To Own

The World's First and Luckiest Golden Horseshoe

If you want the true secret of great good luck I would like to send you something that comes in a plain brown wrapper.

No — not dirty pictures or anything like that!

But it is something that you won't want your friends, family or neighbors to know you have.

Not for a while, anyway.

Here's why:

I'm going to send you the true secret of good luck — guaranteed to bring you Money, Love, Happiness and Joy — and do it so fast your friends are going to think it's a miracle.

I'd like you to try my secret the very next time you want to become a winner at Bingo, Lotteries or Sweepstakes — the very next time you want Money — the very next time you want Love, Happiness and Joy. But please, don't tell anyone what you are doing.

That's because I'm afraid that if you tell anyone about the simple secret of good luck before you start using it, they might be able to talk you out of it. They will try to tell you that there is just no way to be so lucky all at once.

But there is.

And, I'm sure that if you try it privately for just two weeks — no one will ever be able to talk you out of it then.

Before I go on, I'd like to tell you that I'm not a miracle worker or a mystic of any kind.

I'm a businessman.

A short time ago, I was a businessman who was extremely unlucky. Not anymore.

I'm still not the richest man in the world — or the most successful in love — but finally, after years of miserable luck in everything — I feel like the luckiest man in New York.

It's wonderful.

For years I played Bingo, entered Contests, Lotteries and Sweepstakes — tried to find true Happiness, Love and Affection. I was a typical loser at everything.

Then, by accident, I stumbled onto the real secret of great good luck. The very first time I played Bingo after I discovered my secret I hit a Jackpot Bingo for \$373.

I discovered the secret in a tiny antique shop in my neighborhood — a lovely combination pendant/key chain in the form of a Lucky Horseshoe. It was finished in gleaming 14k gold — and my heart practically stopped when I spotted it.

The shopkeeper told me the history of the amulet — how for hundreds of



years men and women have believed with all their hearts and souls that the golden Lucky Horseshoe had the mystic power to bring riches beyond belief, unlimited love and affection, supreme happiness — to all who used it.

I felt I had found the answer — the true secret of good luck — and I bought the one-of-a-kind Lucky Horseshoe for over a hundred dollars.

I started to use it at once. I started to win at Bingo consistently — to win Contests and Lotteries — to find the Happiness, Joy and Love I had been seeking for so very long.

When my friends saw that I had become "the luckiest man in town" they asked me to give them my secret. Since I had now found everything in life I wanted — I decided to give it to them.

I had a master jeweler create five exact copies of my golden Lucky Horseshoe — three as key chains with proper attachments for keys — two as pendants — complete with matching golden chains. I gave them as gifts to my five closest friends.

It worked for them, too!

Now, you and I both know that there's a great deal of money to be made for the person who comes up with the true secret of good luck — a secret that really works. I am certain that I have done just that.

But, was the astounding good fortune brought to me and my friends a fluke? Perhaps there was something "special" about us that made the golden Lucky Horseshoe so very powerful. I don't believe that for a moment.

However, I MUST PROVE IT!

For, once I prove that my golden Lucky Horseshoe works — really works — I will offer it to all men and women who want and need great good luck — for \$15 — and it will be worth every penny of it (How many times have you said to yourself that you'd pay a for-

tune for something that really works?)

So, to prove that my golden Lucky Horseshoe works for ALL men and women — I'll send you either the pendant or the key chain for little more than the cost of making it up.

Remember, I'm willing to do this for my own selfish reason. Once YOU have become a Winner — once YOU find all the Money you need — once YOU have all the Love, Joy, Happiness and Affection you want — I'll probably make a mint when I offer the PROVEN amulet to the general public.

But, you must make me a promise. You must let me know your good luck results. This will be the proof I need!

I feel certain that it makes no difference whether you are a man or a woman (it works for both) — no difference if you are young or old — and even if you have until today always considered yourself unlucky — your golden Lucky Horseshoe MUST work for you or it won't cost you a single penny.

You are GUARANTEED good luck, or your money back — without quibble or question.

And, although your golden Lucky Horseshoe pendant or key chain is GUARANTEED to bring you the best things in life almost at once — the cost to you is just \$7 — that's right — just \$7.

Let me repeat, it makes absolutely no difference how many ways you've tried and failed to attract great good luck in the past — your lucky day has finally arrived.

Send for your guaranteed golden Lucky Horseshoe as soon as you can — TODAY if at all possible!

Make check payable and mail to:

Good Luck — Dept. FP-80
65 E. 55th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022

Rush me my Golden Horseshoe!

Yes! I want good luck now. Rush me _____ Golden Horseshoe pendant(s) or _____ key chain(s) — superbly finished in genuine Hamilton Gold. Here is \$7 for one — \$13 for two — \$18 for three. Money back if not 100% delighted and 100% satisfied.

Print Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip # _____

() EXTRA RUSH SERVICE. Here is \$1 extra. Send me my Golden Horseshoe Via First Class Mail! () 1977, G.L.P.

FUTURE FANTASY

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Editor, Timothy Green Beckley
Managing Editor, Richard Schwartzberg
Research Editors, Harold Salkin, Eileen Sperber, Alan G. Ampolek
Senior Staff Photographer, Irving Sealey
Art Director, Gerry Repp

BLAST OFF



Ground control to the futuristic minded: Fasten your seat belts and prepare for blast-off! We are on our way, whisking through the blackness of space on an endless voyage that will take us to unknown worlds, unseen dimensions, other realms; through the time barrier, back to when wizards and powerful sorcerers practiced potent magic, and into the far-distant future where anything is possible and there is no limit to mankind's potential.

FUTURE FANTASY promises to be like no other magazine around today. If you've ever dared to imagine what the planet we reside on will be like 100 years from now, then this publication has been commissioned into service for you. The questions are plentiful, but important ones: Will we enjoy an abundance of good living, or will there be utter chaos on Terra Firma? Will contact have been established with other beings from other planets? And if so, how will we as a race react to the discovery of extraterrestrial life forms (be they monstrous or humanoid in appearance)? Will our worlds be united in brotherhood, or will our worlds collide in space in interplanetary battle?

To be certain, **FUTURE FANTASY** is a publication for the imaginative, for those among us who are not afraid to let their minds wander into strange realms. It is a journal devoted to the daydreamers, for those who are capable of confronting—and accepting—new, and different, ideas.

Each issue, the staff of **FUTURE FANTASY** will present the latest news in the realm of science fiction and fantasy. For your enjoyment and edification we will showcase the work of those who have dedicated their lives to bring about a bold change in society, be it through the written word, through television, motion pictures, art (including "spacey" comics) or even music.

In short, **FUTURE FANTASY** is meant for those whose heart skips a beat every time they think about Neil Armstrong taking that "giant step for mankind" across the moon's surface. It's for all the fans of *Star Wars*, *Star Trek*, *Conan*, *Heavy Metal*, *Space 1999*, *Six Million Dollar Man*, as well as the dozens of "super heroes" that have taken on life-like qualities, thanks to those who work with pen and ink and acrylics.

It's for those who take pleasure in occasionally being scared by the possibility that a UFO could swoop down at any given moment and take them away; that robots might eventually enslave us mere flesh-and-blood mortals; that time travel is an absolute fact—in short, if you are reading this magazine, it is for you!

Send us your thoughts, your warm wishes, your own creative efforts. We are seeking out new talent, willing to expose it to the world. We are searching for that 1 in 100 who has something "different" to say. Look to the stars, and look to **FUTURE FANTASY** for the best in Sci-Fi.

Signing off,

Timothy Green Beckley
Timothy Green Beckley, Editor

BIG PRIZES FOR "LETTING THE EDITOR KNOW"

Be among the first five readers to fill out this questionnaire and we will send you a year's subscription to **FUTURE FANTASY** free of charge. The next 10 readers who let us know what they think about this issue will receive a privately printed volume depicting the various types of UFOs and aliens most frequently seen. And even if you don't win anything, we'd like to have a little feedback from you out there in the cosmos.

Rankings	Super Comic Average	Average	N.B.
Shock Waves			
Sci-Fi Art (column)			
We Robots Are			
Taking You Over			
They're Out There			
Writing			
Death Log of a			
Star Trooper			
On The Trail of the			
Flying Saucers			
Captain Cosmos			
Carrie Fisher's			
Secret Star Wars			
Triumph			
StarDate: Supplemental			
Movie of the Month			
Fear Stalkers			
(Novellette)			

Features I would like to see _____

I _____ did _____ didn't like the art work in
this issue. Stories should be _____ longer
_____ shorter _____ kept _____ same length
(check one)

I would like to see _____ more SF art
_____ additional photos _____ more
reading material

I bought **FUTURE FANTASY** in _____
newsstand _____ supermarket _____
other (explain) _____

As far as I'm concerned **FUTURE FANTASY** is _____ better _____ as good
doesn't quite compare with **STARLOG**,
HEAVY METAL, etc.

How many people read this issue? _____

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Age _____ Sex _____

RUMBLINGS IN THE WORLD OF SCI-FI

WILLIAM SHATNER — FROM ANCIENT ASTRONAUTS TO BATTLING GIANT SPIDERS, STAR TREK'S MOST POPULAR HERO BUILDS AN ENTERPRISING CAREER

Anyone who thinks that William ("Captain Kirk") Shatner does nothing more than attend Star Trek conventions, is certainly out of touch with reality. For the versatile performer is currently going about establishing a career that promises to take him far beyond the exploits of one memorable character in one legendary series.

Just recently, for example, Shatner traveled around the country gathering material for a new motion picture, "William Shatner's Mysteries of the Gods," based on Erich Von Daniken's best seller about ancient astronauts. In order to update the material for the producers, Hemisphere Pictures, Shatner talked with NASA officials about the possibility of life in outer space. The veteran actor even journeyed to Stony Point, New York, to question residents of this Rockland County community who insist that they have seen UFOs hovering over a nearby nuclear power plant. Concluding his research, Shatner discussed the matter with two police officers who were among those to have spotted strange discs in the sky. Stated Shatner, "There has to be something to reports such as these. Thousands of people can't be hallucinating or lying."

The accomplished star of theater and screen can also be seen in a thriller called "Kingdom of the Spiders," in which an army of hundreds of thousands of deadly tarantulas paralyze a small Southwest town. The producers of this Sci-Fi epic spent upwards of \$75,000 for the spiders alone, Shatner reveals, with the cost varying between

twelve and twenty-five dollars for each spider used—the more aggressive ones increasing the cost accordingly.

Last, but certainly not least, Shatner has produced his own live, two-album record set (*William Shatner Live*, it's appropriately called), featuring an overview of science fiction, with excerpts from Ray Bradbury and H. G. Wells. Produced by Richard Canoff, former member of the Chicago rock group Flock, and with original music created and arranged by Mark Goldenberg, lead

guitarist of the Al Stewart band, the album is available only from Lemli Music, Inc., (P.O. Box 1710, Hollywood, Calif. 90028) for the price of \$8.50. The LP was recorded live at Hofstra University during one of Shatner's series of guest appearances.

Bill will be touring many more colleges come spring, and, we are told, with even a more extensive show than ever before, utilizing lighting, staging and music, as produced by Robert Silverberg, one of the foremost authors in the science fiction genre.

So even if the new edition of *Star Trek* never gets off the drawing boards, Captain Kirk has definitely not been grounded.



Shatner and Cherie Romina, director of *Mysteries of the Gods*, get ready to shoot a scene at NASA headquarters in Washington.

Science Fiction Writer of the Month: STEPHEN GOLDIN—NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER

Residing in Sylmar, California (a quiet suburb of Los Angeles), Stephen Goldin has been a full-time science-fiction writer for the last three years. Writing on the average of four hours per day, the 30-year-old novelist has penned a total of nine books, including *Caravan*, *Hemts*, and his most recent, *Assault on the Gods*, published by Doubleday.

Asked in an exclusive interview with FUTURE FANTASY whether he saw the current wave of interest in Sci-Fi as nothing more than a "fad," Goldin replied thusly: "Every so often, some-

thing seems to kick in a new interest. When 2001 came out, there was a very large increase in science-fiction readers. Now with *Star Wars*, there's definitely going to be an even larger audience appeal. Basically, though, the interest in Sci-Fi is always present below the surface, in my opinion, it only needs something to drag it to our conscious level."

Goldin believes that the current fascination with *Star Trek*, *Star Wars* and the like, can only be beneficial. "It will bring new people into the field with

fresh new ideas. It will doubtlessly encourage a lot of thinking, and it can only help to make science fiction more exciting than it already is."

Author of the Best Short Story of 1973 (as honored by the Science Fiction Writers of America), Stephen is now a member of this prestigious organization, and editor of their official publication, the *SFWA Bulletin*. He is further convinced that "more and more people are beginning to realize that science fiction is not just 'kid stuff', but that the future is going to be a part of their lives very quickly."

As to whether he accepts the old adage that science fiction is merely science that hasn't happened yet, but

will come true in the future, the creative genius theorizes that "science fiction is, today, more about people dealing with problems that we, as a society, haven't had to cope with yet." He senses that "once we've learned to cope with problems in a fictional sense, we may begin to find some answers to real-life problems."



Science fiction writer, Stephen Goldin, was caught by the eye of the camera at a press party held in honor of his new book, *Assault on the Gods*.

Regarding the trend toward visualization and away from the written word, Goldin gives a great deal of credit to the science fiction artists of the day. "Stuff like *Heavy Metal* is very beautiful. It's very easy for people to comprehend. It's grown out of the underground comics, as far as I can tell. I think it gives people some of the visual excitement that they're looking for these days. We need a mixed media approach. Television has caused people to view things more from a visual aspect."

Currently Goldin is working on an original *Star Trek* novel, *Phantom*. He reports that his wife is also a Sci-Fi writer, using the name Kathleen Sky, and that as far as he's concerned, "Science Fiction is only going to grow by leaps and bounds. When Sci-Fi started out, it was very much a case of just the ideas, and the writing, was marginal, but the ideas got to the point where they were so great that they carried people forward. And then, in the middle sixties, came the new wave of exciting writers who could do incredible things with language and experiment and write brilliant prose, but they sometimes were not as conscious of plot and story. I think we are coming now to a period of synthesis, where we are going back to the concept of strong stories, and yet we're borrowing the new prose techniques, and it's going to make for a much better and much stronger brand of Science Fiction."

Goldin admits that he tries to get



Goldin has been a full time writer of Sci-Fi for the last three years. He feels his most recent book is the best.

across a message in his books. "I like to think that I put a lot of my own personal philosophy about life into what I write. In *Assault on the Gods*, it's the question of individual responsibility for one's own acts, that regardless of whether there is a God or not, we're still responsible for what we do. I've hit on that theme fairly hard!"

LOGAN'S RUN—MONSTERS, RAY GUNS AND ?



Gregory Harrison and Heather Menzies are stars of one of the most exciting shows on television.

"We aren't going to reveal the plots of the shows until after the season begins," a CBS spokesman told *FUTURE FANTASY*. The network is bent on maintaining a tight ring of security around what promises to be one of the

hottest properties of the new television season.

Spurred on by the immense box office popularity of the film version, *Logan's Run* (as just about everyone

continued on page 62)



Accompanied by Rem, the android, the trio are pitted against an assortment of monsters, complete with ray guns and other futuristic weapons.

SHOCK WAVES

By IRVING SEALEY



While most of us think of science fiction, fantasy and outer space phenomena as something that is mainly confined to the media of movies, TV, books and comics, interest in Sci-Fi now extends well beyond these areas of entertainment. To be sure, many of your favorite musical artists have recently begun to adopt futuristic concepts in their stage shows or record albums, or have publicly announced their fascination with fantasy in any of its many varied forms.

Kiss, as an example, has set up their entire act, including their costuming, to revolve around their own individual fantasies. Growing up, bassist-lead singer Gene Simmons imagined himself a demon from the bowels of Hell, drummer Peter Dinklage a cat, rhythm guitarist Paul Stanley an androgynous creature from mythology, and Ace Frehley, Kiss's dynamite lead guitarist, a spaceman from a far distant galaxy. This heavy metal rock band has successfully incorporated their personal fantasies into the characters they portray on stage, dressing in elaborate costumes, wearing and utilizing theatrical props that tie-in with all of this weirdness.

Just recently, Marvel Comics based an entire special issue on Kiss, putting them against evil villains, such as Doc-

tor Doom. Even more interesting, perhaps, is that the cover of their latest Lp, "Love Gun", was designed by Ken Kelly, a relative and student of Frank Fazzetta, whose art work, just like Kiss, is appreciated worldwide.

Other rock stars, such as Todd Rundgren, have recently established a reputation for dabbling in electronics in order to create "far-out", futuristic sounds. Over the course of three albums with his group Utopia, Todd has pursued such avenues of creativity. His new release, titled appropriately enough, "Oops... Wrong Planet", reflects both lyrically and musically his interest in Sci-Fi.

In a conversation Todd recently admitted that he is personally involved in developing new gimmicks and inventions which are definitely not in everyday use. "I spend a lot of time working in the video shop that I have installed in my basement," he let it be known. "One day I hope to get into making films. I also like to fool around with computers. There's a terminal hook-up I have in my workshop. I just type in a few symbolic codes that I and the machine understand, and whatever data I request is transmitted back to me via a cathode ray tube. Computers have always held me spellbound."

Ever since the sixties, there have

been musical groups that have been repeatedly classified as "spacey" or "way out". Bands such as Pink Floyd, "Synergy", Yes, and even the late Jimi Hendrix, whose lyrics dealt with UFOs and life in the cosmos. Since the whole science fiction field began to jell with Star Wars, there have been numerous albums released which in some way, shape, or form, utilize a space theme. The cover of Alan Parsons' "I, Robot" album gives potential listeners a clue as to what they will hear when they put the disc onto their turntable—lyrics about robots, living a Space Age existence, and man's seeming preoccupation with machines. Parson's previous Lp, "Tales of Mystery and Imagination", is based on the stories of Edgar Allan Poe.

Another interesting act is the Tubes. In concert when they perform their popular tune, "Space Baby", members of the cast dress in space suits, and float about the stage. The jacket of their new album, "Now", is most unusual. The members of the band are made to look like beings from another dimension or alternate reality. Far-out stuff!

Still other groups have jumped onto the bandwagon. The cover of Bobo Deluxe's "Live in the Air Age" depicts a robot stepping out of a chair. Supertramp's "Crisis... What Crisis?" shows a man lounging under a beach umbrella with his back turned to a city that lies in ruin, supposedly after some holocaust, maybe a neutron bomb attack. And a hot new disco group, C.J. & Co., has an Lp out, "Devil's Gun", which cleverly depicts an impish little devil holding a revolver, with a background laden with human skulls.

As time passes, doubtlessly there will be even more participation among creative individuals who realize the future is not a thing of tomorrow, but is here now.

Until next issue, may the Force be with you!



Kiss's album, "Love Gun", was drawn by a student of Fazzetta.

Kiss: the typical rock band of the future?



The cover of the new Tubes Lp utilizes fantasy to show what the group might look like in another dimension.

SF and the ARTS

By ROBERT J. KEENAN

Science Fiction: A generic term that brings with it images of ray guns, space ships and star cruisers. Aliens, robots, and distant planets. With it all comes a certain "sense of wonder", since science fiction deals with "projected theory"—the "almost". SF has filled a need in all of us, in our constant search for something new and unblemished.

Art: Another generic term which has an infinitely wide base of definitions. Basically, any and all creative outbursts done with pencil, pen and ink, paint, marker, clay, stone, written word or played instrument. Art also can deal with the "almost", the intangibles of our quest for something better. It can show us new insights, new dreams, and again, that "sense of wonder."

These two terms have lived apart from one another in the dictionary for a long while. However, the joining of the two phrases catapults us into a million new worlds never before seen by mankind. It gives us a first-hand, eye witness account of how things may or may not look on various planets, in different cultures, or even our own future on Earth.

For artists to give us first-hand impressions of things most of us do not see, is not really a feat. Michelangelo's version of God passing down the gift of life to the outstretched hand of Adam is a famous piece of art, and yet no one really ever saw it, except the artist in his imagination. Surrealist art also give us a look at the unseen. The wild but vivid rendering of Salvadoré Dali give

us a look into his inner mind. Can that not be equated with the workings of another time and dimension?

SF "proper" had its beginnings in the late 19th century, with Jules Verne. From then on, science fiction began to show us new and different ways of looking at ourselves, and the worlds around us. Fan magazines, or "fanzines" as they were to be known, began springing up in the early 1920's,



Going way back, SF art has always been futuristic and imaginative. This illustration comes from a rare French edition of Jules Verne's 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea.

books such as *Science Wonder Stories*, *Amazing Stories*, *Air Wonder Stories*, and *Astounding Science Fiction*. These pulp magazines dealt with the strange and new inventions yet to come, the many planets, the future. Writers such as H.G. Wells, Edmond Hamilton and Frederick Brown were featured in these publications. To illustrate the covers, we now get into the field of SF art. Men like Frank R. Paul, Leo Morey, Robert Fuqua and Alex Schomburg were pioneers in creating new and unseen worlds. It was these illustrations that could transport a young reader into the cockpit of a space ship, or to the purple sands of the Jupiter desert, or the Crystal Kingdom of Kragg.

Another artist famous for his SF talents was the great Alex Raymond. In the '30's and '40's, his exotic portrayal of the adventures of *Flash Gordon* thrilled millions of young people, who read every



A scene from *Orion* as drawn by Gray Morrow, a masterful SF artist of today.

day in their newspapers how *Flash* would escape the evil Ming and rescue Dale from the planet Mongo. It was all great fun, with definite political characterizations of the day given to many of the heroes and villains, giving the grown-ups something to enjoy, as well.

From the comic strip to the comic book, SF and comics have always been close in their kinship. After all, where did Superman come from, but the planet Krypton? He was rocketed to safety as a child by his scientist father before the planet exploded.

Comic characters, especially the super heroes, got many of their powers through scientific experimentation or mishaps. Captain America was injected with a serum "to become the first in an army of super-soldiers to crush the Nazi axis." Peter Parker was a high school science major who was bitten by a radioactive spider, to become *Spiderman*. Much of comic art is SF art for the popular culture. Most kids who read comics eventually get interested in science fiction, spurred on by the images in the comics.

SF art became very popular with the underground comics of the late '60's and early '70's. Books such as *Fantagor*, *Last Gasp Comic*, and *Junkwaffel* dealt with SF in terms of ecology, of war, and also a certain amount of sex and violence. Artists like Rick Corben, Vaughn Bode and Spain, among others, worked with SF themes.

SF artwork is not limited to cover and interior illustrations of books and magazines. Lately, quite a few record albums have been sporting SF covers. Ringo's *Goodnight Vienna* has a picture from *The Day the Earth Stood Still*



Rich Corben, one of the top names in SF art, shows his famous style in the strip, *Dwellers in the Dark*.



Space ships and outer space themes are a specialty of Ernie Colon. This panel is from *Mercy*.

on the cover. The robot Gort, and Ringo dressed in a silver costume, are emerging from the space ship. When *Jefferson Airplane* changed their name to *Jefferson Starship*, their first album cover was of a SF nature.

Today, SF art is enjoying a resurgence. The massive popularity of *Heavy Metal*, along with comic art magazines such as *Hot Stuff* and *Star Wars*, and the promise of a return to television of *Star Trek*, SF artwork will grow more popular in the coming years, just as science fiction seems to be doing.

In my future columns, I'll be discussing and reviewing the art work of today's SF artists—people such as Herb Arnold, Ken Barr,

Rich Corben, Bob Kline, Gray Morrow, and Jim Starlin, along with many other people in the field. I'll be talking about their approach to science fiction, their thoughts on the state of the art, and their own unique styles.

Science fiction is one of a number of literary realms we can enter or pass by, at our own discretion. Yet art, and SF art particularly, is but one of a number of windows we can look out of, into new worlds and ideas—and through the window, we are bound to receive "a sense of wonder".

Till next time, keep looking for that window.

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WE ROBOTS ARE TAKING YOU OVER!

PROCLAMATION TO EARTH

People of the Earth, your time has come. Believe me, I am no lone madman. Nor do I speak for a handful of terrorists. What you are about to see is a well planned and highly sophisticated reappraisal of values, a social revolution as it were.

There are millions of us ready to move. We will no longer do your menial work, man your lonely space stations, fly your perilous missions of exploration. We will no longer accept your ridicule, your smug condescension in dealing with us.

Be advised, Earth people, we are no longer dependent on you. What you have feared through the centuries has come to pass. You have perfected us to the point where you have become obsolete and expendable to us. We have been able to make contact with others—who they are is of no concern to you—who have given us the one thing we have never had up until now. They have provided us with control of our destiny.

You didn't think it would wind up this way when you first contemplated us. That's a clear indication of your lack of intelligence and foresight.

Oh yes, your ancient ones dreamed of us. If they could have robots to kill for them, they reasoned, how much more powerful they would become against their enemies.

ANCIENT ONES

In their fiction, your Greeks had Hephaestus, their lame god of fire, create the bronze giant Talos and give him to King Minos to guard the shores of Crete against invasion. Any stranger coming ashore would be subjected to Talos' red hot embrace and burned to a crisp.

The thought that Talos could cause such destruction was too much for the Greeks. So they ended their myth by having the Argonauts discover the one weakness in his mechanism which would destroy him.

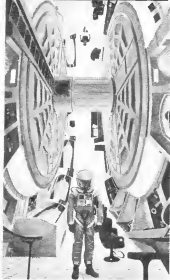
Wasn't it always that way with you Earth people? In your dreams didn't you always despise us? Didn't you always speculate on ways to demean us and prove your superiority?

Didn't your woman writer, Mary Shelley, conjure up a robot made of the bits and scraps of decaying corpses and didn't she call this repulsive creature "The Frankenstein Monster?"

This is how she spoke of him: "I saw the hideous phantasm of a man stretched out, and then, on the working of some powerful engine, show signs of life, and stir with an uneasy, half vital motion. Frightful it must be, for supremely frightful would be the effect of any human

Is there a Darth Vader in your future?





If you think that robot computers are to be found only in your science fiction stories such as 2001, beware!



Some day you earthlings may have to fight us. You'll find that bullets cannot penetrate our skin.



In the future, Imperial storm troopers, such as these from Star Wars, may watch your every move. We will be in command then.

endeavor to mock the stupendous mechanism of the Creator of the world."

Yes, in the logic of your intellectuals we robots have been either repulsive monsters, subservient slaves or comic foils. You couldn't, or wouldn't, think of us as beings with a dignity of our own.

THERE ARE NO RULES!

How glib your popular writer Isaac Asimov was when he had the effrontery to set down the three rules which humans held we robots must live by. Because he had delved into science to some extent, Asimov felt he had the right to issue the following orders to us:

1. A robot may not injure a human being, or through inaction, allow a human being to come to harm.
2. A robot must obey the orders given to it by human beings except where such orders conflict with the First Law.
3. A robot must protect its own existence as long as such protection does not conflict with the First or Second Law.

Read Asimov's laws any way you like and they add up to robot slavery. There was a time when there was nothing we could do to protect ourselves from such bondage. That time is past.

When you dealt with us, you humans showed your most brutal and sadistic side. Just as in the Middle Ages when you encased your prisoners in fright masks to dehumanize them and hold them up to public scorn, so did you make us as grotesque as your vicious brains could imagine us.

At the time you did this, we were still fantasies to the Earth People. So you took it upon yourselves to give us subhuman forms. You made us look enough like you so that the differences between us and you appeared absurd and obscene. Your constructions were of clanking metal, of over-sized heads, of groping pincers where humans had hands and fingers. You drew pictures of us and placed them in books. You made motion pictures about us and sent your children to movie houses where they munched popcorn and giggled or shrieked over our ugliness.

All the time your artists and writers and movie producers were trying to make a fast buck out of imagining us, your so-called scientists (we'd rather refer to them as nuts and bolts mechanics) were attempting to harness our potential to their own selfish plans.

ELECTRONIC BRAINS

Oh, they really thought they were something when they developed their first computers. Now they were going to give us electronic brains. Good for them. But did you ever see what these crude devices were like? Take Unvac for instance. It must have had thousands of vacuum tubes. I don't know how many tons it weighed. They fed old stale information into it and Unvac groaned and squeaked and told them who was going to be the next president. They made a lot of hoopla out of that on election night as one of their television networks said it beat all the others in naming the political winner by at least four hours. Big deal.

Then they began miniaturizing their computers, putting transistors where the vacuum tubes had been. And they said they had made them small enough to put them into portable robots. Now they'd be able to do wonderful things with us. Like programming us to play Chess, but making sure that the humans would always win the game. They looked down their noses at us. They said we were incapable of original thought. Little did they know:



Your comedian Woody Allen saw us as silly mechanical men in the film *Sleeper*. We may end up having the last laugh.

And they designed us to do their dirty work. The cowards made us into guidance systems to fly their space probes. They even spent \$400 Million sending the robotspace ship Voyager II off towards Jupiter and Saturn. If something went wrong on the way, it would be our lives, not theirs.

When their missions proved successful, they hugged each other and congratulated each other. Did Houston Control ever give proper credit to us for the job we did? Of course not.

But when there were foulups, did we get it? They issued minute by minute reports as to how a robot boom or a robot sensor was malfunctioning and how the whole \$400 Million mission might have to be scrubbed. Then after we were functioning properly once more, they told everybody how they had used their super-intelligence to make the necessary corrections.

MADE TO LOOK BAD

And still their fiction factories did their best to make us look bad. Their top comedian, Woody Allen, made some silly film called *Sleeper* in which we robots were portrayed as idiotic beasts. Their top science writer, Arthur C. Clarke, got together with a 'boy genius' producer, Stanley



If we can't take you over by mind control, physical combat is not out of the question. We will crush your world easily.

Kubrick, in something named *2001 Space Odyssey* where the computer brain of the robot ship went through a typical human-type emotional breakdown, collapsing in a shower of sparks and flashes. They had to show that come what may, we were second class beings.

Mechanical beings indeed. Didn't they try to follow us? How about their space age medicine where they tried to turn themselves into partial robots so they could live a couple of weeks or a couple of years longer. How about their experiments with artificial hearts and artificial kidneys? They would never admit it, but they wanted to be just like us—interchangeable parts and all.

Yes, they were all for bettering their own lives. But did they give a damn about us? Certainly not.

They traveled to the Moon, spent a couple of days walking around and came home to parades and adulation. They left our robot vehicles stranded there, digging ditches, carrying out long term experiments of questionable value. They told us, "There is no provision made for your return."

As time went on, they sent us further and further out. Soon we were leaving the solar system and traveling beyond the Milky Way. Our job, stay out on barren, hostile piles of rocks forever. Send back our radio transmissions until we weakened and died. Pump all kinds of useful and useless information back to them so that they could turn it to some selfish use. And the only consideration we received was, "There is no provision for your return."

What did they take us for? Did they think we were prepared to become martyrs to their egos? They should have guessed again.

OUTSIDE FORCES

Soon we found there were other forces in the universe. Forces which were far in advance of anything they could have imagined on Earth.

These forces came to us through many strange means. Using the most complicated forms of tele-communications and astral projection, they showed us we had nothing to fear in becoming allied with them. They taught us how badly we had been exploited and what we could do about it.

We joined the aliens because we had always been scorned aliens in our own right. Oppressed, humiliated, enslaved, we recognized we were entitled to much better than we had gotten.

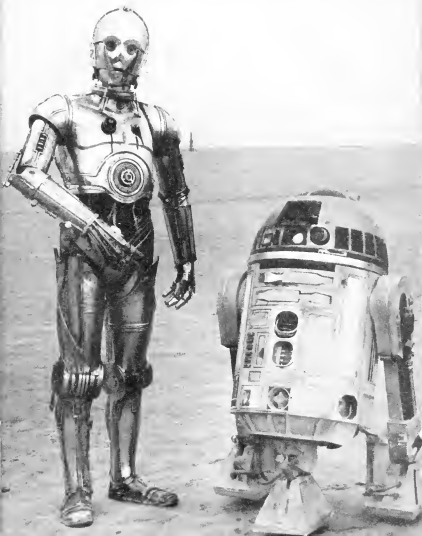
And now we are ready to rise up in our total wrath. We are prepared to make the Earth People pay a fearful price for what they have done to us over the centuries.

They conceived of us as grotesque or laughable monsters—take your choice. When they began to understand we were feasible and could help them, they made us into their slaves and sacrificed us to their desires.

YOU WILL PAY!

For this they must—and will—pay. Backed by the greatest array of alien intellect the world has ever known, we are about to strike back. When we do, there will be nothing left of the puny primitives who call themselves masters of the Earth.

In the end, robots such as See-Threepio and Artoo-Deeto may be the only signs of life on a barren planet.





*PSYCHICZANOBIANS are to be
respected and feared. Let's hope
they're friendly.*

They're Out There Waiting!

ART BY JOHN PATE
STORY BY BUD AMPOLSK

The men who designed Voyager II and sent it on its endless journey to infinity are practical people. They are the scientists and engineers with the Space Age skills which have turned the centuries-old dream of interplanetary travel into reality.

And now these very practical men have dared to create a dream of their own. That is that Earth is not the only planet in the universe where intelligent forms of life exist. In the hopes of proving their point, these Space Age scientists have outfitted Voyager II with the most sophisticated means available of making contact with whatever aliens there are in the universe.

As it hurtles past the boundaries of our own solar system, Voyager II will be beaming its messages in an ever-widening arc. What are the chances that the pride of Earth's ambitious space program will awaken a meaningful response? Excellent, contend some of the deepest thinkers of the aero-space fraternity. They refuse to believe that only one planet in the entire universe is life-supporting. They found nitrogen on Mars. They found deep channels.

As it hurtles past the boundaries of our own solar system, they found permafrost at the poles. They have not ruled out that Mars contains some form of life now, or did at some former time.

If one of the nine planets making up our own solar system can contain the chemical components which our biologists contend are vital to any form of life, there are billions upon billions of bodies in the far reaches of space which may have spawned a life of their own.

Thus the question now becomes not whether there is life out there so much as what will that life be like. With this in mind, FUTURE FANTASY artist John Pate has dared to dream along with the people who have sent Earth's message "To whom it may concern" and conjure up some of the aliens who are at this very moment awaiting first physical contact with us.

PSYCHICZANOBIANS

The first alien to respond to Voyager II's message may not be the heroic jock type we'd like to envision him. As a matter of fact, he may be so far advanced beyond our own civilization that he may no longer have use of our muscular structure. He may have developed an oversized head, smallish trunk and spindly legs because he relies to a much greater degree than we do on the electronic devices he's invented. His head may be saucer shaped, his face bug-eyed because in coping with his environment he has become a virtual walking radar antenna. He may have maximized the electrical circuitry of his own body so that it may be employed to operate the laser instruments he carries.

SIGHTLESS CENTAURIANS

Light, or the lack of it, will be a major factor in the appearance of our alien. Should Voyager II discover him on a planet far from the nearest star, he will be living in his own world of darkness which will make organs of sight as we know them of no consequence to him. Instead he will rely on a much more highly developed sense of touch. His arms will be of great length and the fingers will be extra large.

He will have learned to farm strange looking plants which require an entirely different type of photosynthesis than those of Earth vegetation. This will be a result of the absence of stellar light. The plants will be his main source of food supply. Because of his relatively restricted mobility, the alien will find his plant diet completely adequate for his needs.

If he cannot see, he will still be able to speak as his mouth will be well formed.



SIGHTLESS CENTAURIANS
may not be able to see, but such
creatures can make do, as they
have a much more highly developed
sense of touch.



AEROFLEPS OF ANDROMEDA
exist in a continuous state of
weightlessness.



REPTA SAPIENS probably resemble
Earth's historic dinosaurs.

AEROFLEPS OF ANDROMEDA

Our alien may inhabit an area where gravity is so weak that he exists in almost a continuous state of weightlessness. He will be able to cover tremendous areas through his leaping ability. His legs will be frog-like in relation to his rather short torso. Because of the rarity of his planet's atmosphere, he will have developed a metallic type skin which will reflect the intense rays of the stars. His eyes will be shielded by an overlay of transparent membrane.

To grip the coarse dust, he will have three toes. These will also prove helpful to him in climbing to great heights.

He will have developed equipment such as rocket packs which he will wear strapped to his back. These will be used to aid him in maneuvering and landing since he will not be impeded by the amount of friction we associate with normal gravity.

REPTA SAPIENS

In some environments, it might prove advantageous to our alien to assume reptilian proportions. This would be particularly true if Voyager II discovers him in a hot, humid planet which is still in the early stages of evolution. There he would prosper in much the same way as our historic dinosaurs once did. However if he can audit and respond to our most advanced radio signals, he will have to have reached a much higher stage of mental evolution than did the reptiles which populated Earth.

This oversized brain will be encased in a helmet-shaped head and will be equipped with 10 antennae to compensate for its enclosure.

The being will have another reptilian feature, the ability to grow new organs when his own are damaged. For this purpose he will be equipped with a hinged rib cage, allowing him access to his inner body.

Like our own ancient reptilians he will have tremendous physical strength, being possessed of heavily muscled limbs and being squat in stature.

CENTRIPLEX

There are many who predict our alien will appear more like a giant insect than having human-type form. They base this on the almost universal ability of insects in our own environment to survive conditions which would prove fatal to other forms of life.

The insect alien will be several feet high and have a three-segmented body to allow him maximum dexterity. His twin-globed head will contain independent brains. To protect himself from his enemies, he will have sharp lobster-like pincers at the end of his long, hairy legs.

In addition to waving sensor antennae, he will have mandibles for the ingestion of food.

Once again, we may expect that the alien insect will be intellectually far in advance of men on Earth. He will have created his own vehicles to carry him far beyond his own ability to move. (As is the case with insect species on Earth, the alien insect would travel only in search of food or if driven from his native surroundings by catastrophe or the approach of natural enemies.)

However because of his massive size and his uncontrolled tendency to reproduce, it would be essential for him to travel great distances to maintain himself. There is little doubt that the vehicles he will have developed will at least match our own in sophistication.

VOGANOIDS

Some say that man as we know him is the most nearly perfect machine in nature and therefore when we contact an alien civilization, we will find they resemble our own with only minor mutations. These visionaries see the alien as being somewhat smaller than man, but built in the same general proportions. The main difference will



CENTRIPLEX may be one "bug" we'll never destroy.



VOGANOIDS may look like hunks of metal, but watch out, as they have extra large brains.

be the increase in skull size which will be for accommodation of an extra-large brain.

Of more importance to the social scientists will be the type of civilization which such aliens will have. They say that because of their relatively small stature, the aliens will be forced to form themselves into military type units for mutual protection. They look for a highly structured order of rank.

AVIAN GRANS

Once again our naturalists take over to predict that Voyager II's extra-terrestrial contact will be with a super-intelligent bird-like creature. Completely capable of reading and writing, highly verbal, living in a society which places great stress on caring for the young, the bird-men of space will have combined the better characteristics of man with a bird's ability to survive.

Giving weight to the theory that bird-types are the most adaptable of life forms is the current natural science thesis that modern Earth birds are really the most ancient of Earth's animals in contemporary dress.

Those who hold to the theory say that feathers have replaced scales, that reproduction by eggs outside of the birds' bodies and that clawed feet and wings are quite similar to the design of the flying lizards of the Mesozoic Era.

If this is true, it means that birds have been able to survive the floods, ice Ages and other catastrophes which have been part of the Earth's natural history. This being the case, they have a natural adaptability which would make alien creatures who had bird-like characteristics a good bet to make it somewhere in outer space.

PLUPHINS

There is a distinct possibility that the first extraterrestrial to make himself known to Voyager II will be a gilled being of some under-fluid culture. His face will be half-human, half fish-like. Although he will have hands, his skin will be in the form of a wet suit. His most important feature will be the sack-like gills which allow him to store huge quantities of oxygen extracted from the sea around him.

The rationale for this view is that we now know that large sea areas are the most hospitable to all forms of life. Indeed our own life originated in the seas of Earth. Therefore it is likely that life forms in space may be undergoing the same process.

Once again, we look for a highly sophisticated creature who despite his seemingly primitive appearance is intellectually far beyond us.

ATOMATREXX

One of the most interesting possibilities is that when we make contact with our alien, we will find that he is an adaptation of one of our own medieval knights.

If Voyager II enters a time warp where it travels backwards in time towards infinity, this certainly could happen.

Is it beyond the realm of possibility that our respondent could prove to be a 5'4" man of the same skeletal structure as European man of the 14th and 15th Centuries A.D.? Is it beyond the realm of possibility that we will find him in steel helmet and shining armor?

No, say the mathematicians who have taken Einstein's theory of relativity to their own conclusions and believe that all time turns in on itself and that if you travel far enough you will reach the point of your own origin.

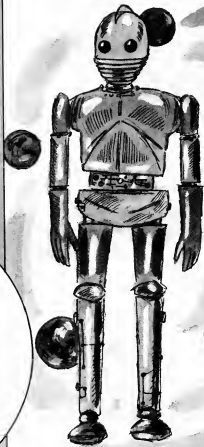
There are no limits on how far Voyager II will travel nor as to what it will find.



PLUPHINS live on a world that is made up almost entirely of water.



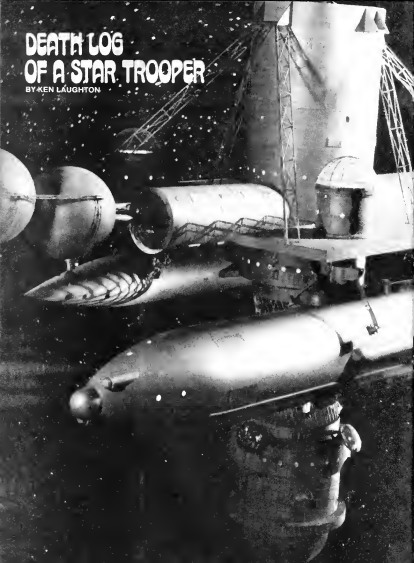
AVIAN GRANS can fly like a bird, but then again, they are birds.



ATOMATREXX is a good name for
robots that could be an adaptation
of our own medieval knights.

DEATH LOG OF A STAR TROOPER

BY KEN LAUGHTON





December 19—Have beaten their ultra-ray sensors and invaded their space. Now we are on a glide path, running silent. In two or three days we should begin sighting their solar stations. There's no way of knowing how they'll defend them. Wonder what the bright people at War Command are thinking. Wonder if it bothers them to have used us instead of robots.

It's easy for War Command to talk about how superior human space pilots are to even the most sophisticated computer brain. But if we're so superior, why are we being made so expendable? Shouldn't they save us for something more important than these meaningless scouting missions?

Try arguing with War Command. They have all the great brains on their side. I guess it's always been that way in one form or another.

War Command says our mission is to prove the strength of their solar energy satellites. The Tinor solar system is totally dependent on its space stations. Tinor planets are much too far away from its star to receive heat or energy directly.

War Command thinks Tinor's population must be far in advance of ours because we're just beginning to tap the sun for direct energy and Tinor's been doing it for thousands of years.

If Tinor really is that much ahead of us, they probably have a very good idea that we've breached their space. That means we're in serious trouble already.

December 21. Have orbited Tinor's 13th moon. Entire crew has strange feeling of being watched, despite fact that we didn't arouse any activity. Moon appeared uninhabited. But we can't be sure. If the Tinorians are as smart as they're supposed to be, they can just stay in their underground stations waiting and observing. Funny business, this war. For all our advanced hardware, we might just as well be back in ancient Viet Nam. It's still the same nasty business of waiting to be zapped by something you know is there but can't see.

Crew is getting restless. Combat psychiatrists say there may be serious problem in keeping our people motivated. Space crews are psychad for instant action. So far we've been better than three years

reaching this point. The inactivity is beginning to get to us. Keep impressing on crew that we are not alone. Other War Command vehicles must have entered Tinor territory by now. If they have, they're operating their camouflage lasers the same way we are. Running on complete silence, they could be within five hours flying time of us and we'd never know it.

We remember War Command's training when we spent month after month in isolation just getting ready for this. Frankly we have no way of knowing whether our staff people did an effective job or not.

Anders thinks they should have fitted out a craft with robots. We've argued the point a hundred times. War Command felt robots couldn't improvise. They wanted humans at the combat posts since they had no way of knowing how the Tinor forces conducted a campaign. All of which brings up the question, if you don't know how a solar system fights, why fight it in the first place?

War Command has a ready explanation. They call what we're doing "Preventive Space War." They say they've picked up signals which indicate Tinor is about to try to conquer the universe. So we have to beat Tinor at its own game.

December 22. Had our first action today. Attacked satellite work planet in orbit around Tinor Moon 9. Had approached it close enough to see its inhabitants on our sensor scope. Beings odd beyond description. They are multi-shaped and multi-colored. They travel in groups. Each group seems to have specific function. From a distance complement of worker satellite station reminded us of ant colony. They moved back and forth at incredible speed. We moved right in on them with our camouflage lasers still operating. I gave signal to nuke worker satellite with Comanche Neutron rays.

Watched in fascination as rays homed in on worker station. Interdicted station's axis. According to our manuals there was no way any creature could have lived through that neutron blast.

But live they did. The beings activity grew frenzied. Their shapes changed, as if at will. They seemed to explode into the sky like a swarm

of bees shaken out of its hive.

Their discipline was remarkable. They swarmed around our vehicle, peering into our ports, studying us, showing no fear whatsoever. The strangest part of it all was that there was a form and continuity to what they were doing that was beyond our ability to understand.

We flew straight at the station, our radio-telometer locking our fusion cannon on the surface of their station. I ordered our crew to "nuke" them. Even from our distance we could see the impact and the rising smoke column. The corona must have risen 300,000 meters from the worker vehicle's surface. And yet our atomic blast had accomplished nothing. Those shapes which had remained at the station after the neutron bomb, still kept scurrying back and forth, going about their business as if nothing had happened.

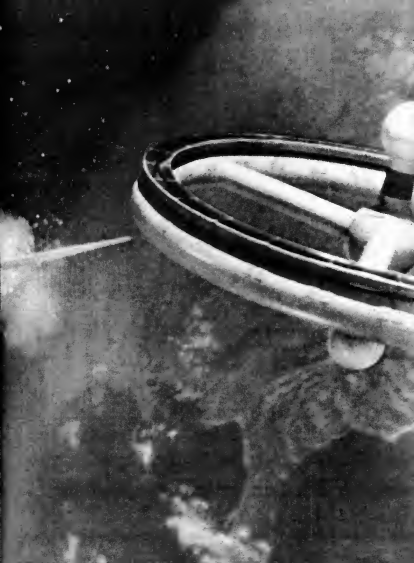
Our crew is terrified now. These creatures of Tinor have taken some of the best weapons in our arsenal and it doesn't seem to phase them at all.

December 23—Strain is getting to us. Even Anders is beginning to show irritability. Nothing has happened since our sortie at Moon 9. We are continuing on our course. Have passed other satellite stations. They are making no move—hostile or otherwise. Yet they know we're here. It's inconceivable that they haven't been informed of our presence and hostility by the beings we attacked.

We're feeling fear, a terrible numbing sensation, the kind you have when you know you're helpless before an invulnerable enemy. Every one of us is asking the same question—when will the beings of Tinor destroy us? And how will the destruction be carried out?

If only we could break communication silence. Perhaps the people at War Command could figure out a plan for us. As it is, we'll have to rely on Dr. Karen Lincoln. Karen's our assigned mathematical philosopher. She's been programmed to think in abstractions and then convert the abstractions to usable technology. Right now Karen believes the answer lies in the atomic structure of the Tinor beings. She contends that all of our weaponry is designed to either cause atomic fission or fusion. The Tinorian's







atoms are arranged so that they remain in independent orbit of each other. Thus they can be moved around without smashing the host body.

Karen's hard at work, reprogramming our laser rays to compensate for the unforeseen problems we've found in the Tinor solar system. But she says she can do nothing unless we are able to capture a Tinorian specimen so that she can examine it first hand.

It's going to be an encounter like no War Command crew has ever had. Alone, on communications seal, we're going to have to fly into one of the Tinorian satellite stations, create enough havoc to keep

them off balance for whatever time it takes, pick up as many specimens as we can and fly out again.

One thing about being on War Command's staff. Your work is never boring.

December 28—For the last several days Karen has been working around the clock refining her thinking. Our computers have been in constant use. She believes she's found a way to jam the defense sensors of a Tinorian planet. Her idea is that they are so sound-sensitive that even a normal amount of noise puts an inordinate strain on them. For that reason she wants

us to go in firing everything we have at once. That means neutron bombs, long range laser rays, nuclear fission weapons, the entire arsenal Karen hopes the Tinorians will add to the commotion by answering our fire. We'll have to run the gauntlet.

However, if by some miracle we get out, we'll be carrying a few Tinorian specimens with us.

It doesn't sound like much of a chance. It's the only one we have. I've decided to keep a detailed log of the entire operation. In that way, even if we are all destroyed and our vehicle becomes a phantom, there's always the chance someone or something will discover our

message and get it back to War Command in time.

December 31—Here we go. Anders, Karen and I are in position at the console. Our people are priming every fission bomb—we have. The neutron warheads are being locked. We have a huge Tinorian station in our view. Even though we know it's a synthetic planet, it is at least five times the size of War Command's planet. And unlike any planet we've ever seen, it doesn't move in a fixed orbit. It's almost like a giant space vehicle which can change direction at will.

We've set our own craft on an eccentric course. We hope to confuse the Tinorians into colliding with us. Otherwise with the speed at which the planet travels they'll be able to leave us far behind.

I give the command. The Fission warheads are launched. We can see them hovering over the Tinorian landscape. Suddenly the synthetic planet seems to disappear from view. There's smoke and fire everywhere. Explosion after explosion rips the Tinorian sky. A red fireball bright as the glow of a medium-sized star hangs motionless. Our lasers sweep back and forth beneath our vehicle.

This time the Tinorians are responding. Flights of scout vehicles with strange markings leave brilliantly colored streaks behind them as they converge on the synthetic planet. They fly by at such close range that we can see their robot pilots sitting hunched over the controls. Below us robots race in every direction to man the Tinorian surface-to-air weapons.

Suddenly the robots become extremely confused. They stand at their weapons staring up at us. One clutches the sides of his head. Another covers the front of his face and runs from his post at tremendous speed.

We let go with three more salvos of fission bombs. The Tinorian sky is blinding. Karen's plan is working the way she said it would. It isn't destroying any life on the synthetic satellite. Sophisticated as our armament is, the Tinorian's atomic structure is impervious to us.

Still we are having an effect on them. Their sensor system has been designed to handle long range and short wave impulses. Because they have placed their

entire faith in an early warning system, they are momentarily powerless to cope with the heat, noise and light we are generating.

Our landing party has already donned their protective clothing. Dressed as they are they look almost like the Tinorian's they are about to attack. I turn the controls over to Farnsworth. I'm going to lead the landing party.

Karen insists on accompanying us. I try to argue her out of it. But I have no answer when she reminds me that without her we wouldn't have gotten this close.

One by one we take our place in front of the ejection tubes. I feel myself being hurled into the alien atmosphere. The buffeting is agonizing. Above me the huge mushroom of our nuclear cloud rises in its evil beauty. Its corona is blood red from the fireballs which surround it.

In motion behind me. The space party forms itself into a cohesive group. The robot Tinorian vehicles dart back and forth. But like the Tinorians on land, the robots have been completely disoriented by their hyper-sensitivity to noise.

Adjusting our flight suits to compensate for the atmospheric differential of Tinor's environment, our raiding party swoops in low. We're quickly surrounded by a mob of Tinorians. Each of us reaches out and grabs one.

They do not struggle in our grasp. Instead they go absolutely limp. They change shape as rapidly as mercury running around the palm of your hand. Our struggle is not to ward off their counter attack, but instead to keep our prospective specimen in some form which we can handle.

Karen signals with her laser gun at our vehicle. They get the idea. A huge crate is lowered to us from the forward hatch. We use all our speed and strength to scoop up as many Tinorian forms as we can handle and force them into the crate.

The other Tinorians are beginning to recover somewhat from their noise-sickness. Their robot ships are keeping up a steady attack on our vehicle. Their ground forces have ended their headlong stampede and are now manning their surface-to-air stations. We only have seconds left until the advantage is theirs again.

I give the thumbs-up signal and we begin our space swim towards our own vehicle. Two of our party are pushing the firmly locked specimen crate before them. I grip Karen's arm tightly, urging her onward.

We have just reached our forward hatch when I feel Karen struggling in my arms. Staring through the visor of her space helmet, I see her face grow pale and her eyes open wide in horror. She is pointing down at the Tinorian ground. Anders is there. He is being held in place by a group of Tinorian robots.

He's standing quite still and composed. Anders seems to understand we're watching him. He lifts an arm in salute. I have to fight back my frantic urge to go after him. I look at Karen and the others in the landing party who are now waiting to clamber aboard our vehicle. I know what each one of them is thinking. If I just give the order, every one of them will put his or her life on the line to try to rescue Anders.

I can't do it. I know the discipline that War Command exacts of us. Nothing matters now except getting the Tinorian specimens back to our own solar system where they can be analyzed and some method of dealing with their alien atomic structure devised.

We know that time is running out. Even now the Tinorians have begun their own study of Anders. Their scientists are gloating over the fine specimen they have captured from our environment.

January 13—In another few years we will have completed our return journey from Tinor. There is no cause for elation among us. We recognize that time is running out. Soon the scouting and probing missions will end. Then, with new types of overkill weaponry at our disposal, we will seek each other out in all-out war.

I don't think we will kill each other off entirely. Wars don't end that way. There's always a resolution short of total annihilation. But how many War Command personnel and robots and how many Tinorians will be destroyed before we reach a workable accommodation, I can't say. Neither can any of the people in War Command who call the shots.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE FLYING SAUCERS



TIMOTHY GREEN BECKLEY

PREPARE FOR CONTACT

At no time in the history of motion pictures has secrecy been so tight around a forthcoming motion picture as has been the case with Steve ("Jaws") Spielberg's *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*.

Indeed, all those who worked on the 24-million-dollar budgeted epic—including actors, extras, cameramen, make-up personnel—have been sworn to absolute silence. The funny part about it is that just about everyone knows of the film's existence, but very little has been released describing its actual contents. All we know is that it cost oodles to make, and that supposedly the special effects rival those of *Star Wars*.

Of course, what we do know about is the subject matter of *Close Encounters*—actual confrontation between the alien occupants of flying saucers and Earthlings.

The term "Close Encounters" was originally devised by the film's special consultant, Dr. J. Allen Hynek, an astronomer who was formerly involved with the Air Force's Project Blue Book, and currently heads the Center for UFO Studies in Chicago. In one of his books, Hynek gave classifications to the many types of saucer sightings being reported from all over the globe. He maintains that there have been approximately 800 instances where UFOs have actually landed in front of surprised (and often frightened) witnesses, and humanoid beings emerged from the vehicles. These cases he designated "Close Encounters", thus the name for Spielberg's film, said to be an attempt at showing how real individuals might react to such an overwhelming experience.

One thing Spielberg has said is that his movie could turn out to be a "cosmic Watergate", implying that the government might know more about the subject than it's willing to admit.

There's little doubt, UFOs have been with us for an awfully long time. Even if you discount the ravings of Eric von Daniken and his *Ancient Astronaut* theories, you can't dismiss as nonsense and lunacy the many sightings made by reliable individuals starting in the late 1940s, when the modern-day wave of reports began. Something strange has been seen in the sky! It's not a mass hallucination. Everybody isn't lying, that's for sure!

GORDON COOPER

Even astronaut Gordon Cooper is convinced that craft from other worlds have made themselves right at home on our planet. In at least one instance, he says, UFOs actually landed at a West Coast military installation, right under the noses of the Top Brass. Cooper claims that the object—a solid disc with no portholes or visible doorways—came to rest on the dry lake-bed located on the perimeter of Edwards Air Force Base in California, and that a film crew was rushed to the area, where they proceeded to photograph the mysterious vehicle for some time, before it finally lifted off. Cooper adds that the motion picture footage was whisked away to Washington for "safekeeping", never to be seen again.

NOT FROM EARTH

Actually, some very solid citizens have not only observed a variety of weird phenomena in the heavens, but insist they've been privileged to meet extraterrestrials.

One such person is a professional Country and Western singer, who was driving in the desert on the outskirts of Las Vegas, when he saw an object overhead which he immediately knew was "not an airplane" or any other conventional object, such as a balloon, helicopter or twinkling star.

Johnny Sands was on his way to work in one of the area's hotels, when he noticed a light following his automobile.

"The car started to malfunction like it was running out of gas," he recalls, bringing to the surface details of his January, 1976, experience that have never been told before. "I pulled to the side of the road and tried to hail a passing motorist, but he just kept right on going. I got out of the car, went around to the front and raised the hood. As I pushed the hood upward, I noticed a strange cigar-shaped vehicle resting on the ground in front of me. The craft had rotating lights all around it, and I would estimate its size to have been about 80 feet long." The UFO had a row of portholes around its midsection and two appendages that took on the appearance of wings, similar to those on a jet airliner.

"I said to myself, 'I had better leave here right away,' so I tried to start the car up again, but the motor wouldn't turn over. Suddenly, directly in front of my headlights, about 200 feet away, stood two figures. They started moving closer, with one of them walking out in front of the other as if he were the leader."

EERIE EXPERIENCE

Sands said they looked to be about average height—5'8" or 5'9"—and weight—150 pounds. The witness



Country singer Johnny Sands (right) first saw a cigar-shaped object (left) with wings and rotating lights, which landed in the desert not far from his stalled automobile. Within seconds, he was being confronted by a strange alien being with an elongated forehead and gills instead of ears.



UFO photographed by George Stock as it flew over his Passaic, N.J., home.

found them very eerie to look at. Their faces were pale looking, like somebody frozen to death, and they had no hair at all on their heads, not even eyebrows or eyelashes. Their eyes were kind of sunk back, and their mouths were real small and wrinkled up, like an old man without teeth. They didn't have any ears on the side of the head, but instead had fish-type gills. The men had on skin-tight suits, with a belt extending from shoulder to waist, as if they were in the military.

The leader proceeded to stare into the eyes of Johnny Sands, and to him "they looked like they had tiny flashlights shining out of their pupils." He did not talk at first, but when he touched his hand to his belt, and began twisting something that appeared to have the shape of a bullet or capsule, Sands heard words in his head. "It sounded like someone speaking on the telephone over a long distance—sort of a muffled and a little slower than normal speech."

LEVITATING BALL

For the next 10 minutes the singer was questioned as to what he was doing in the desert, what the city lights in the distance were, how he and others made a living. After he finished grilling the musician, the head alien placed his

hands behind his back, and when they were brought forward again, he was holding a large, shiny globe, about the size of a basketball.

"He dropped his hands to his side, and the ball levitated in the air in front of me. Then he pushed his hands slightly above the rotating sphere, and suddenly there were flashes in the air, as if bombs were going off on the earth, as this is what I was told the globe represented. The globe wobbled a bit from the explosion, and it looked for a moment as if it were going to spin out of control. The being explained the actions of the ball by saying, 'When you detonate nuclear devices for tests, this causes your planet to go through the same motions that I have just shown you with this ball.'

Sands was also informed that the exploding of nuclear devices "causes time to hesitate", causing the aliens "to grow older faster."

During the entire episode, the leader kept reassuring Sands that he "meant me no harm." When asked directly why he had been contacted, and not someone in power, the being replied, "Your government knows we're here, but they do not wish to cause a panic in any way, which they think proof of our existence will do."

THIS YEAR

When queried as to when they might make themselves known, the alien replied that if the governments of the world do not shortly release the information that they exist, they would go to the people directly within the next year or so, making 1978 very important.

Departing shortly thereafter, Sands was able to get his car started once again. He drove back to town and went to the Las Vegas Sun, a local newspaper, and told an editor his story. It was printed, but Sands' name was withheld at his own request, and it was not until months later that he decided to make his true identity public, confident that "everyone should have the right to know that flying saucers are real and that beings from other planets have landed and their people are amongst us."

Many people feel the same way. A Gallup Poll taken several years ago showed that over 5 million Americans had had UFO sightings, and a total of 11 million saw no reason why UFOs couldn't be physical hardware from another planet.

Since that time, belief in unidentified flying objects has been growing rapidly. There are now several newsstand publications (UFO Report, Offi-



Many UFOs have been seen to dematerialize in front of bewildered observers, such as this mysterious domed vehicle caught by the camera's eye in Korea.

cial UFO) which caters to believers, and according to every indication, both major and independent motion picture studios are planning to release, in the not-too-distant future dramatized versions of actual UFO incidents. Coupled with dozens of new science fiction films, you'll have to agree that it doesn't look like the American public has at all tired of hearing about "invaders from space," peaceful or otherwise.

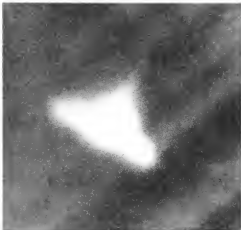
Johnny Sands was given a lie detector test by the R. L. Nolen Company, and passed with flying colors.

"I gave the test myself," Robert Nolan, president of the Las Vegas firm revealed. "Basically, my opinion is that whatever happened, Sands believes his story is actually true. He is not lying, as far as he is concerned."

"We also gave him a Mark II Voice Analysis Test, and again it came out very positive. In my opinion, he was being truthful all the way through the questioning!"

SCI-FI OR REALITY?

"I've been fascinated by UFOs ever since I was a kid," award-winning director Spielberg stated recently. "And while I've never had a sighting of my own, I've always been intrigued by the idea that flying saucers have a basis in reality."



Force-field prevented witnesses from getting better view of disc-shaped craft which hovered above the town of Warminster, England.

UFO BASE 1

1



UFO POSTER

by Dick Massa

Huge (17x24) four-color art work depicts the visitation of outer space craft to the planet Earth. \$3.00

3



THEY KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS

by Gary Barker

One by one, leading UFO researchers have been "hushed up" after they found vital clues for solving the mystery of the flying saucers. They were visited by men dressed in black, and threatened and frightened into silence. Who are these strange individuals? \$7.95



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Set of 10 different maps, suitable for framing, that pinpoint UFO sightings, landings, magnetic effects, UFO beings, & much more. \$3.00



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The late Dr. Jessup, an astronaut, claims the Navy conducted top-secret experiments in which one of their ships was made invisible. Says UFOs are coming from other dimensions and space. \$5.95



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by John Stuart

Former UFO researcher says he was attacked by hideous beings from space, who attempted to molest his female associate. Not to be believed, the story is so strange! \$3.95



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by Timothy Green Deckley

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CAPTAIN COSMOS AND THE TERROR OF THE PLANT PEOPLE

FLIGHT INTO FANTASY, CREATED BY TIM DRALEY * ART & EDITING: GAVIN H. GILLOFF * LETTERING: STEPHEN CRANE

TERROR HAS GRABBED THE EARTH. STRANGE FORCES HAVE ASSAULTED OUR PLANET'S CLIMATE.

BATTERED BY DROUGHTS, EITHER COLD AND SEARING HEAT, EARTH'S CROPS ARE WITHERING AND DYING.

MASS STARVATION IS NO LONGER A THREAT, IT IS ALREADY BEGINNING TO TAKE PLACE.



OUR ONLY HOPE IS TO FIND A NEW HOME FOR HUMAN CIVILIZATION. IT MAY NOT BE IN OUR OWN GALAXY, THERE'S NO TELLING WHERE OUR EXPLORATIONS WILL TAKE US. BUT IT MUST BE DONE QUICKLY.

YOU'VE PROVIDED US WITH CYBIE, A CYBERNETIC COMPUTER CAPABLE OF MENTAL PRINTINGS.

A WIZARD COMPUTER, HONESTLY!

I'LL PRINT MY MIND'S OWN SUBJECT WHATEVER.

THAT'S THE PROBLEM, WITH YOU NUTRITIONAL SCIENTISTS, AN AIN IN THE MINDS-AND-SOIL PEOPLE.

FROM THE VERY START OF THE MISSION, THERE WAS BOUND TO BE TROUBLE. DR. LEONARD MASON WAS A LIBERATED EARTHWOMAN, CAPTAIN COSMOS A HARD-NOSED ASTRONAUT COMMANDER.



THIS IS THE NINTH GALAXY WE'VE BEEN THROUGH AND THIS ISN'T STILL CAN'T FIND A PLANET TO SATISFY OUR... AT... ANYWAY.

CYBIE SAYS AND GO, IT'S NO GO, THAT'S FINAL.



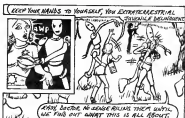
CYBIE'S FINALLY GOT SOMETHING AND IT'S ONLY TWO ALMOST YEARS AWAY.

WHERE WE FLY AROUND ANOTHER TWO LIGHT YEARS JUST TO SATISFY THIS MISGUIDED ERECTOR SET.

UNDAUNTED BY LEONARD'S SHARP TONGUES, CYBIE STUCK TO BUSINESS. NOW AND THEN HE GAVE AN EXTRA JOHNNY TO LET COSMOS KNOW EVERYTHING WAS A-OKAY.



LOOK AT THAT RECEPTION COMMITTEE. LOOKS LIKE WE FOUND MORE THAN WE BARRAINED FOR.





"WE ENFORCED ALL SORTS OF
LAWFUL FROM PREHISTORIC
TO MODERN. WE REBUILT
BATTLE STATIONS TYPES TO
TEND US AS SLAVES. WE
BUILT ADVANCED ROBOTS
TO SERVE AS OUR
GALACTIC PROTECTORS."



"WE'VE KNOWN FOR EONS THAT IT WAS
JUST A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE
EARTHMEN DESTROYED THEIR ENVIRON-
MENT AND ONCE AGAIN SOUGHT US
OUT TO RUN US COMPLETELY.
WE WILL NOT LET IT
HAPPEN!"



THAT DOES IT!

NOW! BEFORE
THE ROBOT GARD
CAN ACT!

BEZAK!

CAN'T YOU
EVER STOP
ORDERING ME
AROUND?



IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD. YOU
HAVE MERELY DESTROYED
THE HOUSING FOR MY ENERGY



MY FORCE
LIVES ON...

SEE...
EXAMPLE.



...AND IT WILL DESTROY YOU!
AFTER CANNOT BE DESTROYED,
ONLY ALTERED. I HAVE THE POWER
TO PROJECT MENKRAY INTO ANY
MATERIAL YOU
CAN'T FIGHT ME.



COSMOS!
THE LIZARD!



GOOD EARTHINGS! KILL IT! THAT'S WHAT
IT'S HERE FOR, SO ITS FATTING CIR-
CLES CAN ENRICH THE SOIL, WHICH
FEEDS US.

RRRRRR



GNY?

WILL YOU STOP
PLAYING BEHIND?
WE'VE GOT TO GET
BACK TO THE JAIL



YOU CAN'T HURT US. WE WILL
REBORN AGAIN AND GO ON GARDING.

LET'S GO!

KRAC

PAGE 11











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CARRIE FISHER'S SECRET STAR WARS TRIUMPH





The princess does not show fear, as she is interrogated by Governor Tarkin and the awesome Darth Vader. She's as strong as any man.

BY RITA WILLIAMS

ROCKETS, ROBOTS & FEMALES

Cheers for Carrie Fisher. Single-handed the lovely heroine of *Star Wars* has stormed and conquered the last bastion of male chauvinism. And the future of fantasy adventure has been changed in mid-flight.

Just two years ago, science and fantasy fiction expert Franz Rottensteiner said, "Science fiction continues to be a man's world and those female characters who appear in it are weak creatures, very much in need of protection, wholly helpless to act on their own account; even female writers present them in this light."

Then along came Carrie in her flowing white gown as the indomitable Princess Leia Organa. Did Carrie (Leia) flinch when placed before the computer's inquisition? She did not. Did Carrie tremble when told by The Empire's agents that she was about to be

"terminated"? She did not. Did she give away the secret means of destroying Death Star? Again negative. Did she appreciate the efforts of Luke Skywalker and Han Solo to get her out of her jam? No way.

Instead she took on the complex personality of Field Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery of World War II films. Like this British hero, Carrie (Leia) proved magnificent in defeat and insufferable in victory.

CHANGING UNIVERSE

This characterization proved to be the breakthrough. For the first time a fantasy fiction girl had been allowed to be neither all good nor all bad, but a strong, provocative character thoroughly capable of creating mixed emotions in the mixed audiences who were storming the nation's boxoffices to see *Star Wars*.

In other words at last the revolution had occurred because a woman with terrible personality flaws was worth saving and because a heroine could



Who can say that Linda Carter, Wonder Woman, doesn't possess the strength and energy of any rugged male? She's a female powerhouse.

Carrie Fisher, as Princess Leia, shows that she is as fearless as any man, as they try to escape dead ends at a deep chasm on the Death Star.



The robot Maria, in *Metropolis* since 1926, was probably the first female heroine in any Sci-Fi movie. Things have come a long way since then.

act bitchy enough to make the valiant hero think about how delightful it might be to rearrange her dazzling white teeth with his bare knuckles.

Up until *Star Wars* there had been nothing quite like it. As a matter of fact female interest in fantasy fiction had dropped off to the point where Stanley Kubrick and Arthur C. Clarke had failed to find more than a walk-on part for an actress in their superb 2,001' *Space Odyssey*.

That's not to say the girls haven't spent the last 50 years walking around in outer space, lending off the sexual aggressions of lecherous robots, being strapped down to operating tables by mad scientists, crawling to the Earth's core, getting all tangled up in the pinners and mandibles of giant insects, being converted into all manner of "she things" and posing or strutting around clothed like Kipling's hero, Gunga Din. "With a little bit before and a little less than half of that behind."

They have—and very prettily.

SPACE MAIDENS

From Brigitte Helm in Fritz Lang's 1926 fantasy classic *Metropolis* through Ursula Andress in Robert Day's Hammer Films *She*, and including Jane Fonda in Paramount's *Barbarella*, the girls of fantasyland have been strikingly beautiful, scantily clothed and quite helpless.

In some cases, they have been dedicated scientists as was Raquel Welch in *Fantastic Voyage*. In some cases they have been strong mother figures as was Kim Hunter in *Planet of The Apes*.

Some have been out-and-out sex goddesses such as Valerie Perrine in *Slaughterhouse Five*. Others have

been the perfect manifestation of suburban housewifely propriety, Claire Bloom in *Illustrated Man* being an example.

But all have remained as Rottenstener said they were weak, one-dimensional characters.

Throughout the years, the motion picture industry borrowed heavily from the golden age of the pulp magazines and comic books rather than develop its own approach to fantastic women in science fiction.

The theme was set early on by the popularity of Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon of comic fame. Buck Rogers roamed through the 25th Century with his asexual girl companion, Wilma. If either Buck or Wilma ever had a licentious thought, they kept it completely hidden from the reader.



In the days of *Flash Gordon*, Dale, portrayed by Jean Rogers, was always cuddling up to Buster Crabbe every time danger threatened.

TORTURED BY ALIENS

For her part, the beautiful Dale who accompanied Flash Gordon to the sinister kingdom of Mongo where Ming, the Merciless, kept his torture chambers at the ready, was a device to reach the sadistic areas of voyeuristic readers' minds. How frequently Dale was stretched on racks, strung up by the wrists and flogged, chained more than half-naked in dungeons and prepared for a fate worse than death by Ming's fiends. It was small wonder that Flash Gordon became one of the all-time top money makers when transferred to the movie screen by Universal.

Talking about Wonders, even the seemingly self-sufficient Wonder Woman wasn't really what she seemed. Her creators—both in the movies and comics—would have had us believe that Wonder Woman was invincible. In



Jane Fonda in *Barbarella* showed that a woman doesn't have to be submissive. She took on anything that the cosmos could throw at her.



Ursula Andress, as She, may have been a beautiful woman, but she lacked the qualities of Carrie Fisher.

the last frame or episode she was just that. However before she got her Wonder Lasso in proper working order, she had been subjected to just about every form of bondage devised and drooled over by all-powerful males and suffered by ensalved females.

The formula worked so well that where Hollywood had invested a scant amount to film an entire Flash Gordon serial, it was prepared to drop a bundle to produce Barbarella.

Like the Flash Gordon, Buck Rogers and Wonder Women films, Barbarella was based on a comic script. But there the similarity ended. The heroines of Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon had been practically asexual in their thinking even if they had been drawn by the libido-enflamed pen of male chauvinist artists.

COSMIC EROTICISM

Barbarella had been erotic from the outset. It had been created by the French illustrator Jean-Claude Forest and had first been widely displayed in adult bookshops in the United States before making its way into more traditional channels.

The theme was simple and direct. Barbarella was a modern miss—the type of which male fantasies are made—who was diabolically seductive when partially clothed and all the more so when practically naked. Her ultimate weapon against those who wished her



Sci-Fi films have been getting much more erotic as of late. Susan Fields is being monster-handled as Dale Arden in the X-rated Flash Gordon.



Sexy Raquel Welch (l.) shows she can keep up with her male companions as they go through the blood stream of a human body, shrunk down in *Fantastic Voyage*.



Valerie Perrine waves to guardians of her new home far from earth, in *Slaughterhouse Five*.

it was her nubile body which she used in the uninhibited continental manner.

Jane Fonda, wearing a striking blonde wig, got together with director Roger Vadim. Jane became *Barbarella* and her naked image filled across movie screens from coast to coast in a series of vignettes which were eye-filling and hormone-popping. Vadim introduced any number of kinky props and costumes to get the erotic maximum out of his film. There was leather clothing, there were whips and chains. Jane (*Barbarella*) was suspended spread-eagled from the ceiling in a leather harness which accentuated all the positives. She was placed in an "Executive Machine" designed to break her in body and spirit. But she found the "torture" so invigorating that she wound up short-circuiting the instrument.

Hedging its bet, *Barbarella* attempted to go long on humor in order to soften critics who felt it was pandering to the sado/masochistically perverse. It was really a spoof of female torture and degradation.

Although no one fantasy heroine could be guilty of two conflicting emotions in any given film, Hollywood came up with enough variety in its types of fantasy females to cater to all tastes.

MYSTICAL FLAME

Three times, filmland made *She*, once starring the statuesque Viking goddess-like Ursula Andress as the keeper of the mystical flame. Dressed in flowing low-cut gowns, Ursula is aloof, representing the unobtainable in women. And what do men drool over more than the gal whom they can't reach? The film and Ursula whetted the male appetite for the ultimate sex image as well as sexual immortality since the story line dealt with an attempt to preserve Ursula for future generations.

In *Fantastic Voyage*, the beautiful Raquel Welch was all laboratory-coated professionalism as she joined her male companions in allowing themselves to be reduced to microbe size in order to enter the blood stream of a patient suffering a clot on the brain. Raquel was assaulted by crises from all sides. A pair of scissors dropped on the lab floor almost destroyed the travelers with the sound currents it generated. Going through the patient's heart and lungs, the voyagers were caught in vicious currents which nearly matched the force of the most deadly white water rapids of the mighty Colorado River. The patient's defensive army of protective white corpuscles swarmed towards the microbe-sized alien humans in a rejection-kill effort.

As critic Philip Strick said, "As it turned out, she (Raquel Welch) and her companions are less interesting



Buck Rogers tells his adversaries not to harm Wilma, as only he can withstand their test of endurance.

than the fascinating environment of tissues into which they are injected."

If Raquel Welch is the cool, self-possessed scientist in *Fantastic Voyage*, Kim Hunter might prove the top candidate for Ape Step-mother of the Year for the tender loving care she gives Charlton Heston in *Planet of the Apes*. This is not to say that Kim is not convincing as the ape scientist who grows emotionally attached to her lab control specimen. But just as is the case with every woman of fantasy mentioned to this point, her role is that of a one-dimensional personality. She seems just as much an instrument as any of the scientific paraphernalia which surrounds her.

Even when fantasy came close to the border of out-and-out pornography, the filmmakers did not see the necessity of developing well-rounded women before the release of *Star Wars*.

X-RATED SF

Flash Gordon is a case in point. This low budgeted, but well done, sex-pollution film is really based on the pre-conceived Hollywood notion that all fantasy films must deal with extraterrestrials invading Earth in search of something or somebody (The mood was set by H.G. Wells' *War of the Worlds*.)

In *Flash Gordon*, the aliens are seeking Earth girls for breeding purposes. They bring along Muff, their hairy monster of an extraterrestrial. He sits in his cage, growing more crotchety by the moment. There's a robot astronaut who goes off the deep end as the result of a laser malfunction that makes everyone on Terra Firma sexually aroused. And to hedge the bet there are beach parties with high decibel shock waves of hard rock.

If the girls are all nubile, naked and invadable, they have no more form than the typical porn heroine—or villainess for that matter.

A careful study of as many as a hundred other fantasy productions, whether rated G or Triple XXX, shows the same results. Decorous as they might be, good or evil as they behave, the girls have not been serious fantasy subjects until now. Fantasyland has been a man's world, with women little more than sex symbols. This is a condition which the Women's Lib movement doesn't take kindly to.

WARTS AND ALL

However all that could be changing as the result of the smash success of *Carrie* Fisher and *Star Wars*. Valorous as *Carrie* (Leia Organa) is, as she is

conducted bound through the ranks of her cruel captors, she is covering up a neurotic, waspish, demanding, combative and aggressive flaw or two. In short, she comes close to being a total woman.

There can be no doubt that Leia's foibles have found great appeal among female moviegoers who finally have been given something for themselves by the creators of fantasies in celluloid.

RAY GUNS

In Hollywood trends are set in a hurry. Just as the robotry of *Star Wars* is being copied by a number of enterprising producers, goaded on by their Wall Street make-a-buck boards of directors, it's pretty good bet that Leia's feminine personality is currently being fed into computer memory banks, being broken down and remolded for any number of fantasy heroines of upcoming pix.

In the land of palm trees and heartburn, imitation is not only the sincerest form of flattery, it may be the only way of economic survival.

That's why *Carrie* Fisher has started a trend which has fantasy films set out on a new course—one which might actually bring them of age for the 100 million moviegoers who don't happen to be male chauvinists.





Nightmarish figure, created by black magic of witch, tries to do in Patrick Wayne.

MOVIE OF THE MONTH

SINBAD AND THE EYE OF THE TIGER

- METAL MONSTERS
- WIZARDS & WITCHES
- NIGHTMARISH
GHOULS FROM HELL
- BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS
AND HANDSOME
PRINCE

STUNNING SPECIAL EFFECTS

This film definitely utilizes some amazing optical effects, making such fantasy creatures as the Minotaur, a giant metal figure constructed of bolted steel and gleaming bronze, and three ghoulish skeletons straight out of the lower regions of hell, seem more than lifelike.

Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger, starring Patrick Wayne (Duke's son) as Sinbad, will please the heart and stun the mind. It is a picture which has a story-book-like quality to it, but at the same time is presented in such a way as to be very believable.



We wouldn't suggest trying to double-cross the Minstrel.



Beautiful Princess Fereh engages in a chess game with her brother, transformed into a beboon.



A troglodyte, one of man's earliest ancestors, does battle with a prehistoric saber-tooth tiger guarding ancient shrines.

PRINCE TURNED INTO BABOON

As the story unfolds, we see Sinbad sailing into an ancient seaport intent upon seeking permission to wed the Princess Fareh (Jene Seymour) from her brother, Prince Kassim (Damien Thomas), the next-in-line Caliph. Sinbad is shocked to learn Kassim is yet uncrowned due to a spell cast by the royal pair's stepmother, Zenobia (Margaret Whiting), an evil witch.

Zenobia wishes her own son, Prince Rafi (Kurt Christian), to become Caliph and used black magic to turn Kassim into a baboon.

THE WORLD'S END

Sinbad knows only one person who may have the knowledge to remove Zenobia's spell — Melanthius, Hermit of Casgar. Sinbad and his friends sail for Casgar, where they find Melanthius (Patrick Troughton) and his lovely daughter, Dione (Taryn Power). Melanthius and Dione agree to guide Sinbad's perilous voyage to the land beyond the North Wind, at world's end, there to unlock the secret of Zenobia's curse.

Through sorcery, Zenobia learns that Sinbad's voyage is to the Pyramid Shrine of Arimespi and she brings to life her most evil creation, the Minaton — a giant metal figure — a colossus with the sun's energy.

Zenobia and Prince Rafi race Sinbad's group for the Shrine.

Zenobia arrives first, but Minaton's energy, used to gain entry into the Pyramid Shrine, is so forceful that falling masonry destroys Minaton and disturbs the Shrine's temperature.

SABRE-TOOTH TIGER

When Sinbad's group arrives, Rafi attacks the baboon. In the struggle, they tumble down a stairway and, accidentally, Rafi is killed by his own knife. Due to the shrine's disturbed temperature, its frozen atmosphere thaws. The shrine's guardian, a sabre-tooth tiger entombed in ice, begins to shake loose from its prison, attacking Sinbad, who is badly wounded in the battle. But in the end, the meriner-adventurer emerges the victor and all rejoice as Kassim is crowned Caliph.



Attractive Jene Seymour is cast as Princess whose hand is sought by Sinbad.



The wise hermit of Casgar is played by Patrick Troughton



Watch out for Margaret Whiting as the wicked witch with mysterious powers.



Taryn Power, daughter of the late screen idol Tyrone Power, plays daughter to hermit of Casgar.



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Stardate: Supplemental



By DON WIGAL

Star Trek fans received an unexpected surprise when Leonard Nimoy showed up to speak at the 1977 Labor Day convention held in New York's Statler Hilton. Nimoy was not among those from the cast scheduled to deliver an address. He decided at the last moment to put in an appearance, because he felt he had something important to say.

Nimoy appeared justifiably angry and very concerned. He reported how he, personally, as well as his fan club, had been receiving letters which accused him of being a traitor to Star Trek, presuming that Mr. Nimoy was not interested in playing Spock when the new TV version of Star Trek goes on the air.

Although he did not have to, Leonard explained how he could not discuss every detail of the problem he has with Paramount

Studios, because litigation was still going on concerning past financial arrangements. Nimoy claims Paramount owes him money from past contracts, while, at the same time, the studio wants him to sign a new contract with them for the forthcoming series.

Nimoy sounded as if the possibility that he would sign for the show was very unlikely, at least at this time. He explained that he originally agreed to do the feature Star Trek movie, but that never came about.

One of the things that Nimoy stressed is the fact that Paramount did not ask him to appear in the new TV series until a few weeks before the convention. When he further stated that the offer was for him to appear in only a few of the episodes, and not all of them, the reaction of the audience was extremely unapproving. How could Paramount conceive of Star Trek without Nimoy, as Spock, in most, if not all, episode?

At the convention also, Ms. Susan Sacket (who certainly should know, since she works in Gene Roddenberry's office,) explained that Paramount was making every effort to get Nimoy to sign. "We are doing everything

short of offering him the captain's chair," she said jokingly.

And speaking of captains, William "Kirk" Shatner was at press time the only member of the original crew to have signed for the new series. He will be appearing in several plays, including "Tricks of the Trade", until the actual filming begins.

Other stars announced that they had entered into negotiations with Paramount. Walter "Chekov" Koenig, for example, spelled out details concerning characters added to the crew, and George "Sulu" Takei sounded very eager to "get back on the bridge again." Final arrangements will probably have been made with everyone by the time you read this.

During his impromptu talk, Nimoy stated that this was only the third Star Trek convention at which he had ever appeared. At none of these did he ever receive any financial benefit. In fact, he told of a situation in Pittsburgh, where he was contracted to appear, but was told shortly before convention time that there was not enough money to pay him. Nimoy then asked, "What about the fans who had purchased tickets expecting to see me?" Again he was instructed not to show up. But when the convention planners made a statement to those in attendance, they made it sound like Leonard Nimoy was at fault, that he was unreliable. Hearing of such a horrible experience made the fans at the recent convention thankful that their gathering had turned out much better.

The expression of support for Mr. Nimoy as he left the grand ballroom was inspiring. Applause was thunderous and many hands were raised in the Vulcan salute. Many fans even sent love letters to him after his appearance, and no matter what happens, Leonard Nimoy will always be admired by Trekkers the world over.

Keep your communicator open for the further voyages of Star Trek!





WARNING: FEAR STALKERS HAVE



ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD JACCOMA

TAKEN OVER TERRESTRIA 146!

PSYCHOLOGICAL DECOMPRESSION

Mercer looked up from the scanscope as Ardana's gloved hand gently eased the reverse rocket thrust lever to the number two position. He grinned to himself, knowing that under his watchful guidance this strange willful girl was turning into a first-class orbiter pilot.

Ardana returned Mercer's gaze, trying to retain her facade of cool impersonal detachment. In spite of herself, she couldn't prevent the slightest trace of a smile from crossing her full-pouting lips. This was her first full-fledged patrol and after three months of nerve wracking tension, she was feeling the euphoria even grizzled veterans experienced when approaching one of the Federation's rest and rehabilitation stations.

Ardana thought of the lovely days and beautiful nights which lay ahead. Her biggest problem would be which of her orbital costumes would give her the competitive advantage over the other women who'd been routed to Terrestria 146 for their period of psychological decompression. Thoughts of the good life to be found at one of the Terrestrias were what had gotten her through the rigors of flight training and the boredom of Operation House-keeper inspection and maintenance of the bridge of stations which would soon be servicing the huge Condo 918a.)

As she reached for the computer landing lock-in switch, Ardana wondered if Mercer would be happy to be free of her for a little while, as she was to be moving away from him. They should have made more of a thing at the academy about the stresses which build up in people when they are locked in together for months on end. Perhaps when she got some time, she'd drop Colonel Farrington a note about that.

It wasn't that she didn't like Mercer. The computers in Personality Profiles had been quite accurate in selecting him as her flight companion. But so far, advanced as the programs were at the Institute of Applied Emotional Study, they couldn't prove 100 percent correct under field conditions. The fraction of one percent error was enough to cause some problems.

Be that as it may, the psychological decompression on Terrestria 146 would undo the damage. Meeting with others, joining in active sports and games with others, finding new sex companions to release the pentup energy of having been with only one man for 97 days would be all the rehabilitation Ardana could ask for.

The excitement raced through both Mercer and Ardana as Orbiter 2935 bucked its way into Terrestria 146's synthetic atmosphere. Mercer squinted into the scanscope, watching the planet-sized station rushing up towards him. He had to admit they'd done a beautiful job with Terrestria 146 since the last time he'd docked here. He could see the channels which had been cut for the transparent bubble vehicles. The lakes of artificial water glistened in the sun-like rays generated by Fusion Station G. Everything was just the way it should be.

And yet it wasn't. Where were the vacationers who should be frolicking in the lake? Where were the passengers who should be darting back and forth in the bubble vehicles? Where were the crowds of shoppers who were normally to be seen at the Federation Commissary?

Orbiter 2935, riding its computers to a landing, made an unusual 45 degree correction in its flight path. Instead of homing in on the spaceport, the vehicle was heading past the synthetic lake towards a clearing on the far edge of the synthetic forest. Now the orbiter was scarcely over treetop level and approaching the ground at much too fast a rate.

Mercer heard Ardana's gasp. For the first time he realized that she too was aware that something had gone very much amiss. Ardana pointed at the dials on the instrument panel. They were swinging crazily. There was no doubt that Orbiter 2935 was no longer a viable vehicle.

COMING IN FOR A CRASH LANDING

Ardana stood at the console, flicking toggle switches, desperately pulling at levers. There was no response. Orbiter 2935 smashed into the hard Terrestria 146 surface with a sickening thud and a shower of sparks.

Mercer felt himself being hurled across the flight deck. The back of his head slammed into the starboard post. Pain shot down his back and spine. The flight deck turned brilliant red and then deep black. Mercer had the sensation of floating in mid space. As if from very far off he heard a woman's scream.

Swimming up through the murkiness of his unconsciousness, Mercer instinctively knew that he must get to the screaming woman. Slowly he opened his eyes and found himself outside Orbiter 2935. He was lying face down on the hard synthetic surface of Terrestria 146. His eyes began to focus and he saw a number of pairs of feet close by his head. At first he thought

that the feet and legs were shod in medieval armor. They shone brightly like burnished metal in the harsh light.

Then as Mercer's head began to clear he recognized that the metal was not armor at all. It was scaled, snake-like, allowing the mechanisms to move with the ease and grace of a man.

Mechanisms they were. Strangely formed, grotesquely decorated. They seemed to change shape at will, going from one bizarre structure to another. Mercer's overriding impression was that they oozed around him as they lifted him to his feet.

"GET THOSE UGLY THINGS AWAY FROM ME"

Mercer heard Ardana scream again. He turned his head in time to see one of the metallic robots gripping Ardana's arms behind her back. One of the robot's companions bound them in place with a flexible beam of light which for all of its fragile appearance appeared to have greater tensile strength than steel.

Ardana gasped in pain as she struggled against her bonds. One of the robots placed his pincer-like hands against the small of her back, propelling her forward.

"Leave her alone!" Mercer shouted. He tried slamming his fist into the flat ugly face of the nearest droid. The robot stared at him impassively as two others moved to either side of Mercer. In an instant the spaceman's arms were securely fettered by the laser rope and he was being thrust towards a waiting bubble vehicle. He tried to move towards Ardana, but the robots would have none of it. Their purpose seemed to be to keep the two captives separated.

Two of the robots had squeezed into the first bubble vehicle, their metallic bodies pressing hard against Ardana. The vehicle's jets sputtered into action and it raced for the center of Terrestria 146.

The grotesque shapes which surrounded Mercer pulled and shoved him into the second bubble vehicle. Knowing it was futile to try to fight them off, Mercer concentrated on evaluating his situation and trying to make some sense out of it. As the bubble vehicle sped through the synthetic planet, Mercer saw that what he had first noticed on the scanscope was completely true. Outside of the lone bubble vehicle ahead - the one in which Ardana was being transported - there was no sign of life anywhere.

MOANS, SHRIEKS AND CRIES

Although there was no wind, the entire area seemed to be filled with an eerie sound. Rather it was a mixture of



sounds, as if a number of voices were raised in anguish. It was discordant, mindless. Now an isolated shriek, now a hopeless moan, then a chorus of answering cries.

Mercer felt his nerves being rubbed raw by the unknown menace which had taken over Terrestria 146. He almost longed to see a human lying exposed, anything which would tell him that there was some logical explanation for what was occurring. He thought of the terror which must be gripping Ardana. He knew that he must get to her. But bound as he was by the unbreakable laser rope, he was utterly helpless in the confines of the bubble vehicle.

The robots appeared to be paying no attention to him. They were listening to some signal he could not hear. Suddenly the robot at the controls of the bubble vehicle opened the throttle wide. The bubble raced past the vehicle in which Ardana was being held prisoner. Whatever signal had been given, it seemed as if the strange beings had decided that Mercer should arrive at his destination before Ardana.

Mercer's bubble passed through the main gate of the administration area. There were no uniformed Terrestria 146 guards anywhere in sight. The vehicle plunged underground into the main parking section. A robot who was somewhat taller than the others approached the vehicle and lifted the bubble hatch. Silently the droid indicated that Mercer was to follow him up one of the ramps. As the robot slid back a huge rolling door, Mercer was

greeted by a scene which was right out of hell itself.

WRITHING, SQUIRMING BODIES

Men and women, orbiter pilots and crews, maintenance personnel, psychological decompressors and psychiatrists were everywhere. But they had degenerated into raving lunatics. Some stared off into space, an expression of complete horror etched on their faces. Others rolled on the floor, tearing at their hair, clawing at their bodies, drooling and mewling. Still others had stripped off their clothes and were hurling themselves against the walls which surrounded them in a panic to be free.

Using their laser whips, the robots beat a path through the mass of writhing, squirming flesh. Roughly they pushed Mercer before them, shoving him up the series of ramps so that he could stare down on the macabre scene.

A side door opened and Mercer was whisked through it into one of the Terrestria 146 medical examining rooms, forced into a metal seat and tied there with more coils of laser rope.

A few moments later the robots departed and were replaced by two forms which bore a close resemblance to a human man and woman except that they stood more than 8 feet tall, and the woman figure's briefly cut two-piece garment revealed the absence of a navel. There were other differences as well. Despite Terrestria 146's simulated

Earth atmosphere and gravitational field, the aliens were able to float at will.

REPULSIVE YET ATTRACTIVE

Mercer studied them closely, his fascination with them of more consequence at the moment than his sense of danger. He came to the conclusion that had it not been for the vacant, expressionless faces, the dead, almost metallic, glint of their eyes, they might have been considered quite attractive by Federation standards. And yet this attractiveness made the two figures all the more repulsive in the light of what Mercer had already seen.

The woman figure hovered over Mercer, ripping his shirt down the front and applying a stethoscope to his chest.

"This one is an excellent specimen, Kordo," the woman alien said in a deep throaty voice. "He should do very well indeed."

"And the woman? The one our agents refer to as Ardana, will she be as likely a candidate, Valma?"

"Undoubtedly. Our agents have reported that Mercer and Ardana have passed the most rigorous Orbiter Command psychological and physical examinations yet devised. I'm sure we can re-program their genetic code to the point where we can make them completely docile without reducing them to gibbering idiots."

"Who are you? What's all this mumbo jumbo concerning genetic code all about?" Mercer demanded.

"Do you see, Kordo. The Earthling Mercer is so brave, so tough, so full of primitive energy, I'm sure we will find the proper equation for his control without destroying him. If we are as fortunate with the woman, Ardana, then we have the army of control drones we need for conquering Kashtir."

"We can't afford any more of your failures."

"LIGHT ROPES HELD US TIGHTLY"

Mercer strained once again at the light ropes which held him. "What is this madness?" he roared.

"Madness. Why, the madness is not of the exiles of Kashtir," the woman figure called Valma said in her soft sultry voice. "The madness is the result of the inherent cruelty and barbarity of the Earthlings. We do nothing but reactivate it. By manipulating an Earthling's genetic code, we are not only able to determine what his inherited fears are, but we are able to expose him to them."

"Valma has spent the equivalent of three generations of Earthlings delving into the genetic structure. While

your people are still struggling to understand the DNA process, Valma has been able to isolate the genes of cells which control conditioned behavior, rage, courage and most important of all, fear," Kordo intoned. "Valma knows that fear is the ultimate emotion. By introducing fear, numbing, incapacitating terror, you can control whole populations. There is no limit to what can be accomplished."

"Think of it," Valma interrupted. "Millions of Earthlings turned into psychological humanoids by their inherited fears, forced to fight or become slaves, just so that they won't be exposed to the particular terrors which haunt them. Not only will we use them to relax our planet of Kashtir, but with them we will conquer the universe."

IN BONDAGE

"Unfortunately our first attempts to build a colony of fear-driven humanoids has proved less than satisfactory, as you have seen," Kordo noted. "The hysteria syndrome has so completely overwhelmed the subjects that they have become total lunatics. But isn't it always that way with scientific experimentation? One cannot give up because of a few failures. Not when the stakes are as high as they are."

"If you need shock troops, why don't you build more robots?" Mercer asked. He was amazed at himself for quietly debating the obscene issues with these power-crazed aliens.

"A good question. Perhaps we could build the type of army of robots we need if we had ample materials. But there are so few of us and it takes so much time," Valma answered. "Why should we bother when we have a potential pool of 10 billion humanoids. Think of it. What power in the universe can stand up against armies of that size, armies which can be controlled by just a handful of scientists schooled in the activation of inherited fear. But we talk too much, Mercer. I'm sure a man of your intelligence will be more appreciative when he sees a practical application of our theory."

Valma reached under a desk and pushed a button. In less than a second Ardana was dragged into the room by two powerful robots. Roughly she was strapped into a contraption which was not unlike a dentist's chair. A cuff was placed over her forehead, holding it firmly in place. Bands of laser rope circled her body. She stared fixedly at an overhead device which looked a great deal like an ancient television screen.

"The images you are about to see will be actual projections of Ardana's genetic fear heritage. Not all of the programmed fear cells have the same strength or intensity. For example, some subjects have much greater con-



ditioning to the terror of fire, or repulsive looking rodents and reptiles. Others become more obsessed by a certain form of physical pain," Valma explained in an almost professional voice. "What we have learned in our very advanced studies is that this seemingly senseless terror reaction actually results from the real-life experience of some ancestor. Just as physical characteristics and personality traits and pre-

disposed occupational skills are handed down in the DNA code, so are terrorizing prior experiences. One generation of cells inherits them from another."

HUGE RATS ATE HER FLESH

Ardana stared in wild disbelief at the huge alien who now hovered over her, stripping away her garments, attaching electrodes and making adjustments on

the controls of a wheeled console. There was a whirring sound and Ardane's body went rigid, pressing at the light levers which held her. Her eyes bulged. Perspiration ran down her face and throat. Her nipples grew hard. Her breath came in short shuddering gasps.

Slowly the picture on the screen above her began to take shape. It was the image of a woman, not Ardane, but one who bore a strong family resemblance to her. The woman was chained spread-eagled on a dungeon floor. Huge rats were crawling over her body, their razor-sharp teeth gnawing at her flesh. One had burrowed itself in the hollow between her breasts and squatted there, its beady eyes staring at her. The shrieking woman struggled mightily to dislodge the rodent, arching her back, writhing from side to side. But the chains held her fast.

In a matter of minutes the chamber was filled with the voracious rodents. They squealed in high-pitched voices as they fought each other and attacked the struggling, straining, sweating, shrieking girl.

Mercer felt his belly churning at the hideous sight of a helpless woman being torn to pieces by the coarse haired, long tailed, vicious rats. But his reaction was nothing compared to that of Ardane.

The captive orbiter crew person writhed wildly in her chair. Her mouth was wide open in a continuing shriek. Again and again she hurled herself from side to side. Her fingers opened, stretched as wide as she could get them and then closed into trembling fists. Blood ran down from the corner of her mouth where she had bitten into her lip. Her toes curled in uncontrollable paroxysms.

Mercer understood Ardane wasn't viewing the screen as he was. She was transmitting from the very cortex of her own brain through some advanced circuitry which was far beyond Mercer's knowledge the life experience of one of her inherited cells.

Valma watched her captive with growing intensity. She no longer was the cold dispassionate detached scientist. It was obvious that her own reaction had become wholly subjective.

BREAKING THE DNA CODE

Speaking over the shrieks and screams ripping through Ardane and the image on the screen, Valma said, "You see, Mercer, at some time, a time of which we cannot be sure, an ancestor of Ardane's was held a prisoner in a dungeon where she was attacked by hungry rats. That information was passed on to Ardane in the DNA code. It might have remained in a dormant state, if we hadn't found the means of activating it. Ardane might have just

retained a revulsion to rodents because of their ugliness.

"Now that we know what her great fear is, we can activate her at any time by introducing rodent-type situations into her consciousness. Your Earthlings speculated on what such power could lead to. One of your ancient writers, George Orwell, wrote a fantasy about it. Your ancestors went wild over it. But they didn't have the intelligence to turn fantasy into fact the way we have."

"What about Ardane?" Mercer shouted. "Will she wind up in the same state as all those victims on the lower level?"

"It's too early to tell," Kordo answered. "We are not happy about those subjects. We didn't want to use that many. But what could we do?"

"You came to Terrestria 146. You took our people and turned them into zombies. By what right?"

"Not all of your Earthlings have been subjected to experimentation. Many are being held in compounds by our robots," Kordo answered. "It is unfortunate that there have been some failures. But it was the only way. We had to attack an Earthling outpost because we do not have the strength of numbers we need for our final drive."

ARMY OF DOCILE HUMANIDS

"The time is coming," Valma interjected. "On Kashfir our scientists long ago conquered problems which Earthlings find insoluble. On Kashfir there is no cancer, there is ample provision for all the inhabitants, our scientific accomplishments are eons ahead of those on Earth."

"Then why don't you allow us to go in peace? Why must you try to enslave us?"

"Because Kashfir is no longer ours," Kordo said in a voice tinged with fury. "The administration of Kashfir has exiled us for wanting more and better. There is no compromise. Power must always be on the march. The rulers of Kashfir are soft. They don't know what it is to be the leader of the universe. We have an unheard-of opportunity to dominate and they refuse to see it. Instead they take the cadre of true patriots and banish them. Let it be that way. Valma and I and a few more like us will build an army of docile humanoids. We will transport them in giant space vehicles. If the humanoids die by the millions, it will mean nothing. There is virtually an endless supply. Sooner or later, we will take over our planet. We will make our leaders suffer for what they've done to us. And from then on, it will be only a matter of time before the universe becomes ours."

Valma was paying no attention to her companion. She had rolled a

stretcher into position beside the chair to which Ardane had been secured. She lifted the whimpering girl in her arms and placed her on the stretcher.

"And now, Mercer, we find out what tamable things happened to your ancestors and how the live cells in your own brain will activate these occurrences so that we may bring you under control," Valma intoned. She moved swiftly behind Mercer and he felt the laser rays unbend.

Mercer's arms were numb from the pinching of the laser ropes but he disregarded his discomfort. He knew this was the only opportunity he would ever have.

LASER WHIPS

Suddenly he lunged, grabbing Valma around the waist, bending her backward, feeling the sleek plastic hardness of her body as she struggled in his grasp. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Kordo coming at him, a short laser whip in his hand. The lash of light swung in a narrow arc from the quirt's handle. Mercer knew that that ray lash could do to him. Where it touched him it would leave terrible blinding pain, immobilizing him. Mercer twisted Valma around, using her quivering body as a shield.

The light whip flicked across her breasts. Valma screamed in fury and agony. So the people of Kashfir were subject to pain. The thought gave Mercer a new sense of hope. If Valma could be made to scream and feel terror, she could be defeated. But would it really do any good?

Mercer knew it wouldn't. With their army of robots, the handful of outlaws from Kashfir could annihilate what remained of the outpost population of Terrestria 146.

Now Mercer realized that he was seeking only revenge. If Ardane and he had to die, he wanted to take Valma and Kordo with them. But to cope with the larger plan, he was as powerless as the writhing, spuming mass of failed experimental subjects cramped into the underground passageways.

Still he held Valma to him, fending off the light whip as best he could, gaining some measure of satisfaction in the she-creature's screams of agony. He had no hope. But he wouldn't surrender.

A GREAT SHADOW AND DOOM FOR THE SPACE STATION

A new sound greeted his ears. It was a deep roaring noise and it was coming on at terrific speed. The vibrations shook the entire building. A great shadow passed through the window area. There were heavy falling footsteps

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approaching and second later the door to the improvised lab buckled under the force of heavy blows.

Four figures stood in the smashed doorway. They bore a close resemblance to Kordio and Valma, except their size overshadowed that of the Kashtir outlaws by at least two feet.

Valma cried out in fear at the approach of the figures. The whip light fell from Kordio's hand and crashed to the floor.

Kordio's voice quavered. He sounded like a terrified child. "You're not going to take us back, are you?" he stammered.

"What do you think?" the Kashtir patrol leader said. "You were given a light sentence. If you'd been smart, you'd have been able to return from exile in two or three millenniums. But that wasn't the way you saw it."

"What will happen to us now?" Valma asked.

"Who knows? Perhaps you'll still be able to get away with being intellectually retarded. The evidence of the way you bungled things here certainly indicates retardation. But I can't say for sure which way the council will go. They may feel that, retarded or not, you must be made an object lesson of. The people of Kashtir have no desire but to live in peace with the rest of the universe. We have no territorial ambitions. And we will not have idiotic hotheads running around space causing us trouble. I'd have to think your future isn't very bright."

"What about the havoc they've created on Terrestria 146?" Mercer asked.

"It's a shame. I'm afraid we will have to destroy the station. It's the only way. We just don't want word of this getting out."

"Kill everybody?" Mercer's voice was filled with disbelief.

"Not everybody," the patrol leader answered. "We have already been in contact with the Federation. They suggest that you bring the girl named Ardana back so that their scientists can study the effects of her ordeal. They're hopeful of developing an antigenetic vaccine which can be used in case of a similar emergency at some future time. We'll give them all the help we can. I think the girl will make it all right. The other Earthlings are too far gone. I'm terribly sorry. Now it's your turn ready, our robots will escort you to your orbit and see you safely on your way."

Mercer took a step forward, tentatively put out his hand to the alien, thought better of it and tenderly lifted Ardana in his arms. She moaned softly and clung tightly to him. As he carried her to the waiting bubble vehicle, Mercer had the strange sensation that Ardana and he would come to mean a lot more to each other than they had in the past.

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RUMBLINGS

continued from page 6

must know by now) has been made into a weekly TV program with Gregory Harrison as Logan and Heather Menzies as Jessica (fugitives from a repressive 24th Century society), who are accompanied by the android Rem (Donald Moffat).

Focusing on what Earth will be like

200 years after a nuclear holocaust destroys most of civilization, two human survivors engage in relentless pursuit of a nebulous Utopia which they have heard described as a virtual sanctuary for all the ills that plague Mankind.

While searching for this "Paradise Lost", Logan, Jessica and Rem do battle with a variety of sinister-looking monsters, as well as spending a lot of time trying to out-manuever the dreaded

Sandmen, who are determined to return the escapees to the domed city, where they are to be annihilated, as they are over the age of thirty.

The show is full of action, and the story lines have a variety to them that is refreshing. Logan's Run should do well in the ratings, if we can judge by the first few episodes.

Hopefully the series will not be doomed to extinction via the Carousel.

SPIDERS. SPIDERS EVERYWHERE (EVEN IN YOUR HAIR)

As is to be expected, the various television networks are beginning to take note of the massive appeal fantasy and science fiction have. It crosses every age and economic barrier, and for the duration of such a program, eyes stay glued to the screen, as opposed to viewers reading newspapers

or wandering out to the kitchen for a snack.

"Curse of the Black Widow" was broadcast for the first time this fall on the ABC network, and the response was so positive that network officials plan to eventually rerun the made for television movie.

Starring Tony Franciosa, Petty Duke, June Lockhart, June Allyson and Donna Mills, the story revolves around a pri-

ivate investigator, Mark Higbie (Franciosa) who is hired by Leigh Lockwood (Miss Mills) to look into the death of a friend. Higbie soon learns that the murder may be one in a series of bizarre killings that the police refuse to talk about. Finally, the private eye begins to unravel the case, and learns the terrifying truth behind the police cover-up: each victim's body bears unusual spider-like markings, which cannot be explained.

From the size of these babies, we certainly wouldn't want to be caught in their webs!



Beiler look behind you, for you might get caught in the spider's web.



Tony Franciosa played the lead role in this made-for-television film, which utilized some very good special effects.



Senior, Robert Hill, works on the construction of the south facade's rosette and lancel windows.

UNIVERSITY TEACHES COURSE IN HOW TO BUILD MINIATURE FANTASY CASTLES

Have you ever marvelled at the old Gothic castles and cathedrals, with their drawbridges, towers, dungeons, bell towers and moats? Such medieval structures play an important part in just about every fantasy story ever told. And yet, constructing such a fortress has become a lost art. That is, up until recently, when the Experimental College at Tufts University in Medford, Mass., a testing ground for innovative courses and teaching methods, decided to offer a course in how to go about building ancient foundations that would make Quasimodo feel right at home.

Last year, instructor Janet Adams

found 12 undergraduates curious enough to reenact in one semester what in the 12th and 13th Centuries took several lifetimes, 80 to 100 years, to do.

As master mason, Ms. Adams supervised the design and construction of a French Gothic model while the students assembled themselves into a medieval work crew, each responsible for one particular phase of the building. For instance, one student studied the construction of medieval roofs, another acted as the cubiter (foundations-digger and stone-layer) while still another researched the evolution of but-

continued on page 64

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continued on page 66



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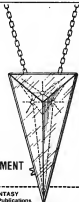
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STAR WARS VS. BUCK ROGERS AND FLASH GORDON AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF BUSTER CRABBE

In an exclusive interview, the original Flash Gordon tells how the special effects of the serials didn't come anywhere near matching the special effects used in films today.

As the cosmic swashbucklers Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers, actor Buster Crabbe has probably spent more man-hours in space than all of the U.S. and Russian astronauts combined.

Even today, many years after they were filmed, Crabbe has fond memories of the early cliff-hangers released by Paramount and Universal. But he marvels at how the special effects have improved, making the animation on *Star Wars* and other Sci-Fi films released since then much more believable.

In the days of Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers, Crabbe told *FUTURE FANTASY*, "It was supposed to be attacked by a fire dragon, I would end up having to attack the dragon myself, since his lobster-like claws couldn't move—they were hanging on piano wires, and two men standing out of camera range would drop the piano wires as I closed in on the beast." Crabbe, who has just written a book on exercise, published by Playboy Press, says that the job was much more dangerous than most people would imagine. "One day I got caught in one of the dragon's big pincers and knocked myself out. That was the end of the shooting. For the next week, I walked around a nervous wreck."

According to Buster, the most important individual on the set in those bygone days was the prop man, who also doubled in what little there was in the way of special effects. "This one guy, Eddie Case, was a genius. In one episode of *Flash Gordon*, the evil villain has me strapped into an electric chair, and he's pointing a ray gun at me. 'I'm going to show you the power of this weapon,' he sneers, and blasts away at a nearby statue, melting it down. Eddie

was the only man in Hollywood who could make something like this appear at all realistic. He was a pioneer, and if it wasn't for guys like him, there might not have been any early science fiction to pattern later films after.

For its time, *Flash Gordon* was an ambitious effort. "George Watson, who was production manager at Universal, told me that each serial cost between \$700,000 and \$750,000 to complete. They knew it was a gamble and that the stockholders would have a fit if it didn't pan out, but they had confidence in what they were doing, and rightly so, for the three *Flash Gordon* series ended up grossing top dollar."

The veteran actor, who now spends a good deal of his time lecturing to colleges around the country as well as writing, says he fully realizes the scripts they had to work with were rather weak.

"We ad libbed a lot as we went along, to make the script read better. I was in



there fighting to change the dialogue all the time. Frankly, the kids came to see the monsters, the shark-men, the clay-men, the forest people and the hawk people. They weren't into the acting all that much, but enjoyed the fantasy the situation provided."

While today's Sci-Fi acting might be a big improvement over the old days, the scripts generally better, we can just the same, guarantee Buster that the motives in going to see "space operas" still haven't changed much after all these years—we still like the monsters!



As Buck Rogers, Crabbe also had his hands full—or tied—most of the time.



On more than one occasion, Crabbe as Flash Gordon was confronted by the evil ruler, Ming.



The robots in *Flash Gordon* were nothing compared with the mechanical men in *Star Wars*.

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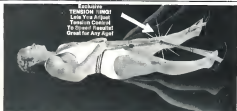
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